CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

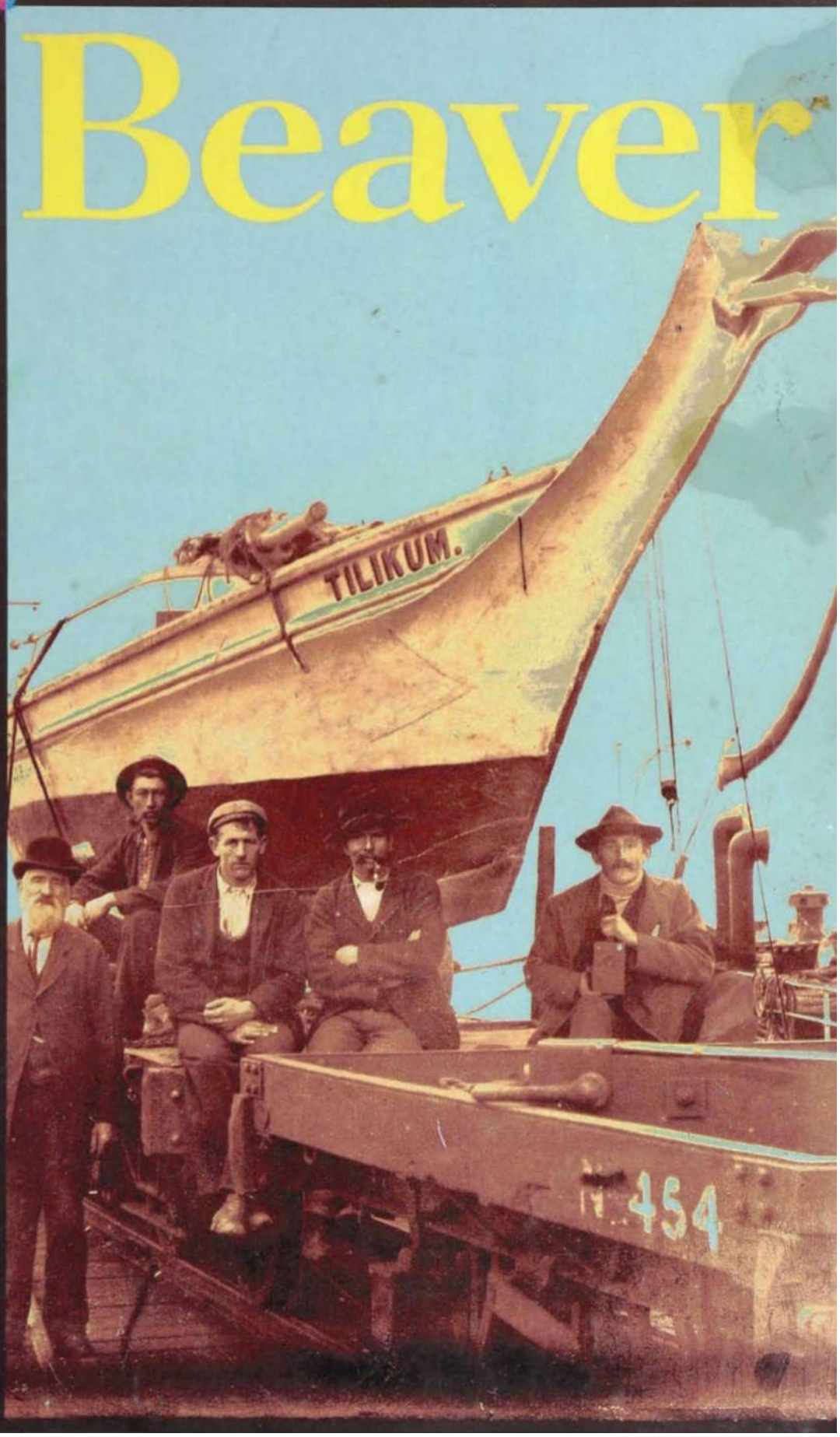
APRIL | MAY 2001 $4.95

Around the World by Canoe

Scandal at Red River

Tom Longboat, Native Runner

Spring Ahead
The fight over daylight saving time



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The Beaver

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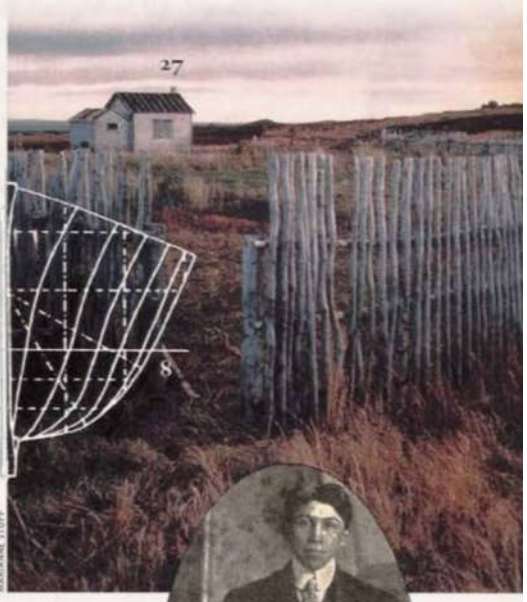
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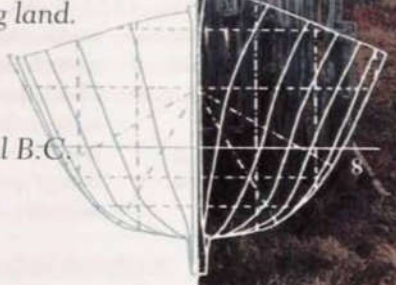
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On the cover: The *Tilikum*, with Captain Voss and onlookers, New Plymouth, New Zealand. Courtesy Taranaki Museum, New Zealand / Maritime Museum of British Columbia.

Letters

Homage

THERE IS SOMETHING about Doug Whiteway's photographic submission for the Album feature in the December/January *Beaver*: It's haunting.

On turning to that page and viewing the photo, even before reading the text, I felt a strong sense of melancholy. The accompanying text furthered that feeling and, although I did not know the girl in the photograph, the image/text moved me profoundly for many reasons. The overall sense of loss the picture portrays is poignant. The girl's clothing and surroundings speak of an era of recent past, yet somehow so far away. Long after I had closed the cover, the image and message followed me.

D.R. Slade
Peterborough, Ontario

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.
E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Now . . . read the book

THE REVIEW OF THE SERIES *Canada: A People's History* [Dec. 2000/Jan. 2001] asks an interesting question: *can film teach history?* As Mr. Steven points out, the filmmaker and historian must sort through a vast array of source material, but as a film conveys the story in images, it cannot assess source material. Film cannot, or generally does not, present complex arguments based on detailed research and analysis. Films do succeed at giving the abstract some reality. Certainly, both documentary producers and writers are subject to personal biases; they may embellish or even ignore certain events. But are writers and film producers subject to the same influences in order to sell their product? By this I mean what is politically correct, or what the broadcaster paying for the series might consider "reflecting modern Canadian values." Would the author of a book about the Avro Arrow purposely change the gender of a primary aeronautical engineer to sell it? There were no female engineers involved in the project, but the change was made in the film. Why? Would a publisher encourage a historian to alter the facts so the narrative reflects modern "policy"? No reputable house would. While historians submit their manuscripts for peer review prior to publication, consider any constructive criticism, and often revise the narrative if the correct facts are brought to their attention, do documentary producers do the same with scripts? No. Their use of historical consultants lies more with the technical aspects of the presentation (What did people wear? How were battles fought? What did the Hudson's Bay Company flag look like?) rather than confirming their account. I believe, contrary to Mr. Steven, that film is much more susceptible to "bias of the age" than written history. Context, that important facet of history, is often dismissed, and modern values or concepts are superimposed on the images of the past.

Films, like novels, are valuable adjuncts to history but cannot supplant written works. They cannot dwell on facts, arguments, or historiography. Like a popular study, film does provide a useful introduction and can reach a wider audience than a book due to the pervasiveness of the medium. *Canada: A People's History* is a fantastic undertaking that is visually stunning, but is often subject to limited context. It will surely introduce viewers to events they never knew about it. Hopefully the debate and principled criticism Mr. Steven calls for will result and be enhanced by reference to written studies and not just the story presented in the film.

John R. Grodzinski
Kingston, Ontario

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The *Beaver's* postbox portrait

STAMP COURTESY SID KROKER

Original photo (left); Canada Post's airmail stamp, issued June 1938.

C.H. Russell was quite right to observe that stamps present a "sweeping panorama of Canada's history" ["Postbox Portraits," Dec. 2000/Jan. 2001]. The *Beaver* has always been a part of that panorama, and I know of one instance where a photograph from the magazine became part of a stamp.

A 1936 photograph by Richard N. Hourde of the SS *Distributor*, an HBC vessel on the Mackenzie River above Fort Wrigley, appeared in the *Beaver* (March 1937, page 31). This photograph later became a Canadian six-cent air postage stamp. The engraver may have added a shoreline and an airplane, but the ship, river, mountains, and smoke are clearly all part of Hourde's photograph.

Richard N. Hourde was a staff photographer for the *Beaver* in the summer of 1936. He died in 1937. He was also my uncle. I was named after him and have always been proud of the contributions he made to the *Beaver* and Canadian history.

Richard Stevens, Alma, Michigan

One of many

While flattered by the article and prominence you assign to Canadian women architects ["Montreal's Designing Women," Dec. 2000/Jan. 2001], I would like to clarify a somewhat ambiguous statement (although correctly quoted from the book) that I began to design La Cité in the early 1970s.

The existing housing on the seven-acre site for La Cité project was demolished three years before it became my project. The demolition of the area took place while the preliminary studies were done by ARCOP architects in 1970. The project was continued in 1971 by D. Dimakopoulos Architects and awarded to Eva H. Vecsei Architects in 1973.

As a woman architect, I want to be on record for handling sensitively the many difficult issues represented by this project. Even those formerly opposed now look favourably at this mixed-use, high-density project: the way the sky-steps integrate the twenty-two-storey residential buildings into the mixed-use low-rise neighbourhood, the landscaped recreational use of roofs, and other amenities. With all these components of the project, I intended to demonstrate the positive aspects of densifying the city core and reducing urban sprawl.

Eva Vecsei
Montreal, Quebec

Neighbours nix Nazis

The picture on page 23 of your October/November 2000 issue of the arrival of the S.S. *Pasteur* with returning troops ["Aftermath"] stirred a childhood memory going back to 1945.

My first part-time job at age nine was selling *Liberty* magazine subscriptions door to door, and I am sure the same image was the cover picture on the first issue I was to sell. However, the captured Nazi flag being displayed by the returning troops was a real turnoff to my prospective customers. As a result, out of twenty-five copies I had to sell, I sold only one – and that was to my father.

Another coincidence. During the war my mother was in the WRENS, and my father hired a nanny to look after my brother and me. The nanny's husband had been overseas with the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and is in the picture on the deck of S.S. *Pasteur*.

Richard Yorke
Victoria, British Columbia

Fickle finger of fate

"Murder in Blenheim Swamp" [Dec. 2000/Jan. 2001] by Mary Lou Cornish created quite a stir in our family. The families of Frederick Benwell and Douglas Pelly were not the only wealthy British to answer Reginald Birchall's ad – so did the parents of my grandfather, Thomas Charles Warwick. Birchall was arrested while my sixteen-year-old grandfather was in transit, sailing to Canada. When he arrived in Blenheim, there was no one to meet him.

His own history is remarkable however. He founded Warwick Hybrid Corn, married a Blenheim girl, Nellie Morrison, and sired nine children, including my mother, Evelyn, and Ernie, the first Canadian to trade corn with the Russians.

Brenda Moffett
Kanata, Ontario

Birchall bungles it

The article "Murder in Blenheim Swamp," [Dec. 2000/Jan. 2001] recounted an event that has been part of our family folklore all my life. My great-grandfather, George Perry, was sheriff of Blenheim township, and as such, it was his duty to make arrangements for the trial and execution of Reginald Birchall. It took such a toll on his health that he was unable to be present at the execution and died the next year. His son John was Birchall's guard, and my father told me of visiting the cell with his father as a child of nine years. It is a subject of conjecture why interest in the case has remained strong for over a century. One popular explanation is that the transatlantic cable had just been completed and accounts of the progress of the trial reached England every night and stirred widespread interest there.

One or two little items of interest – probably the most important thing that convicted Birchall was that while he was removing all identification from Benwell's clothing, he dropped his cigarette case engraved with his initials, R.B., and it was found by the body. The article also mentions the memorial cairn erected by Benwell's parents. They were quite wealthy, and had a row of gold nuggets embedded around the base. These were soon removed by vandals, and today one can still see the row of indentations where they had been.

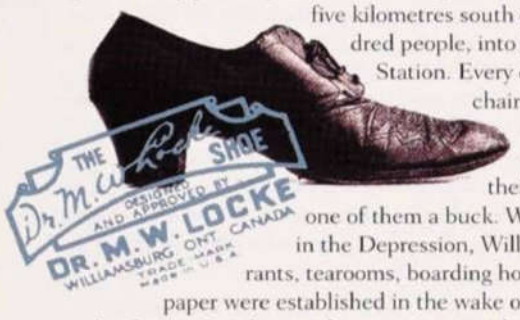
J.D. Perry
Paris, Ontario

Currents

Plans a-foot in Williamsburg

In the 1930s, when the masses were queuing in Corbeil, Ontario, to gawk at the Dionne quintuplets, 350 kilometres southeast in Williamsburg, they were queuing – sometimes at the rate of 2,000 a day – to have a certain Dr. Mahlon Locke manipulate their feet. Depression-era foot-fetish fad?

'Fraid not. Mahlon Locke was a respected and respectable medical practitioner, a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, and a specialist in orthopedics following an internship in Edinburgh and Glasgow, who was able to treat arthritis and rheumatism through adjustments of the bones of the feet. He maintained that fallen or improperly placed arches irritated nerves, which interfered with blood circulation and eventually affected muscles, tendons, and joints. Sounds like quackery (the American Medical Association once called it such) but resounding oral testimonials augmented by publicity in American magazines turned sleepy Williamsburg, sixty-five kilometres south of Ottawa, with fewer than five hundred people, into a sort of podiatric Grand Central Station. Every day, Locke sat outdoors in a swivel chair in the middle of a round concrete slab and served fourteen conga lines worth of patients eager to have their tootsies twisted, charging each one of them a buck. While the rest of the continent wilted in the Depression, Williamsburg boomed: hotels, restaurants, tearooms, boarding houses, even a theatre and a newspaper were established in the wake of the foot phenom. You could get a steady job as a chair boy, pushing patients in wheelchairs from hotel or train station to Locke's clinic. And it wasn't just Joe "Fallen Arches" Blow and the missus who lined up for the cure. Eleanor Roosevelt, Clare Booth Luce, Jean Harlow, Louis B. Mayer, and Cornelius Vanderbilt waited their turn, too (Locke played no favourites).



The wizard of Williamsburg died of a stroke in 1942, probably too pooped to pop another distal phalange, and the town returned to its somnolent state. The Ontario government slapped a plaque on the front of his home in 1971 in honour of his achievements, but the Williamsburg Heritage Society is keen to go a few steps further by purchasing the Locke home (lived in by his widow Blanche until 1994; now in private hands) and turning it into a museum and cultural centre, which, in turn, would be the catalyst for refurbishing Williamsburg in a themed 1930s style. Sounds worthy as well as fun. Contributions (including Locke-related letters or memorabilia) gratefully received by the Williamsburg Heritage Society, Williamsburg, Ontario, K0C 2H0. It's one way of putting your best foot forward.

Take the day off

April 18: To honour the first edition in 1763 of *The Upper Canada Gazette*, the first newspaper published in what is now Ontario. Line your parrot cage.

April 28: To celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of the opening of Expo 67. Sing a chorus of *Ca-na-da*.

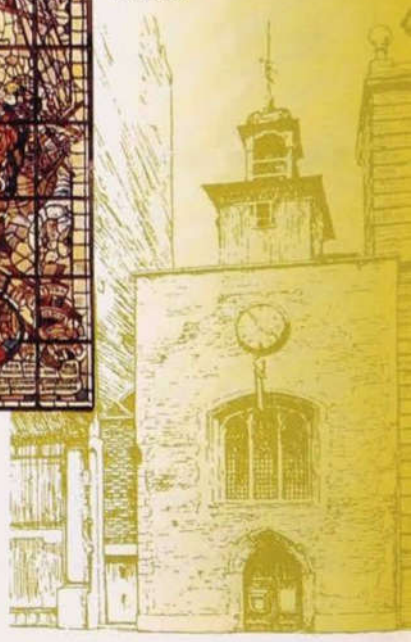
May 4: To mark comedians Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster's first of a record sixty-seven appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show beginning in 1958. Repeat the line, "I told him, Julie, don't go."

May 12: To commemorate the death in 1798 of George Vancouver. Survey a coastline.

Church chat

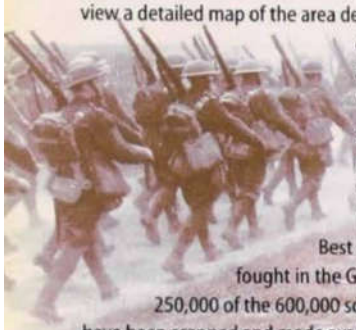
On April 19, 1607, Henry Hudson took communion at the church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin in Bishopsgate in the City of London before embarking on the first of four voyages seeking a northern sea passage to the Orient. The moment was recorded, and it is the first mention we have of the explorer. On his fourth and last voyage in 1610, Hudson sailed into the bay that would one day bear his name. Sixty years later, a company of adventurers named itself for that bay, and so began the world's largest private commercial empire. Two hundred and fifty years later, that company – the Hudson's Bay Company – would found the *Beaver*, variously *A Journal of Progress, A Magazine of the North*, and now *Canada's History Magazine*, a copy of which you are holding in your warm little hands. And so, in the way the anklebone is connected to the shinbone and the shinbone is connected to the kneebone, we come back to St. Ethelburga's church because its HBC association has given it a particular place in the hearts of long-time readers. Said readers will recall, however, that the church, with its Henry Hudson stained glass window funded by the HBC, which moved its headquarters to a building right beside the church in 1927, was almost destroyed in an IRA bombing on April 24, 1993. It looked like the end of the medieval structure, which survived the 1666 Great Fire of London and the Blitz. But there was a great rallying-around, and so we are pleased to report that St. Ethelburga's will rise again, this time as St. Ethelburga's Centre for Reconciliation and Peace. Scheduled for completion on the tenth anniversary of the bomb in 2003, the centre will focus on the role of religion in international conflict. And it won't look like some modern thingy. Much of the building will be reconstructed from medieval fragments of the original, including the façade, which will be completely restored.

Henry Hudson memorial window



Oh what a lovely war (exhibit)!

"WWII – the Big One," Archie Bunker used to say. Well, there wouldn't have been a Big One, if the Great One hadn't happened first. More Canadian soldiers died in World War I (a.k.a. the Great War) than died in World War II (60,000 vs. 42,000), and the war was, besides, a decisive period in the maturation of the nation: Among other things, Canada's sacrifice led to a new status as a self-governing dominion in the British Empire, women gained the vote, and organized labour punctured the complacency of the owning class. Now, thanks to digitization, a new component of the National Archives of Canada's website (**www.archives.ca/05/0518_e.html**) examines the Great War and its period in abundant detail with photographs, diaries, postcards, drawings, letters, newspapers, and personal mementos that whisk time travellers back to the world of eighty years ago. You might, if you were so inclined, revisit the controversy that attended Berlin, Ontario's name change to Kitchener, watch a film of airmen training in Ontario, view a detailed map of the area devastated by the 1917 Halifax explosion, follow the story of volunteer native Canadian warriors (including the attestation papers of athlete Tom Longboat, featured in "Who Do You Think I Am?" on page 20), envy the simple six-page form for filing income tax, introduced as a temporary – ha ha – measure in 1917, or read excerpts from the diary of a young soldier named Georges Vanier, who in 1959 would become governor general of Canada. Best of all, you can look up members of your own family who fought in the Great War. So far, images of the attestation papers of over 250,000 of the 600,000 soldiers who enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force have been scanned and made available on-line. We even found a great-uncle of ours.



Allons enfants . . .

In September 1838, James Mackenzie, son of William Lyon Mackenzie, instigator of the ill-fated 1837 Rebellion in Upper Canada, started a newspaper in Lockport, New York called the *Freeman's Advocate*. Its purpose was to rally the spirits of exiled Canadians, refugees of the Rebellion, and to arouse American support for the cause of an independent, republican Canada, including supplying arms and munitions, but excluding warriors. (Canada's freedom was to be achieved by Canadians, Mackenzie insisted in the *Freeman's Advocate*.)

The paper lasted only six months, for a total of twenty-six issues. In that time it passed from an organ of fiery rhetoric condemning both British and American officials for upholding the status quo on both sides of the border to a somewhat more moderate publication with general news and "literary gleanings." At its height, the paper had more than eight hundred subscribers and listed more than thirty newsagents in five states (Canadian authorities stopped it at the border). But by the spring of 1839, with little activity on the political front and insufficient support from readers and advertisers, the paper died.

In subsequent years, virtually all copies of the *Freeman's Advocate* disappeared. Only two issues were known to exist, one in the county historians archives in Lockport, one in the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society. Now, we are pleased to report, our own Booknotes columnist, Chris Raible, has managed to track down an almost complete run of the paper (shy by two issues) held by a dealer in Buffalo, New York. Raible, who believes the set probably belonged to James Mackenzie himself, has transferred it to the National Library of Canada, where it shall reside for all to see. Also included is a broadside written by Mackenzie shortly after the demise of the *Freeman's Advocate*. "British Spies Unmasked!!" the headline fairly screams. It seems Mackenzie wasn't one to give up easily. Meanwhile, 162 years later, Canada is fully independent, but remains a monarchy.

Cod's wallop

And by that title we don't mean to imply that the Canadian Museum of Civilization's big new exhibition about Canada's East Coast fisheries is nonsense or rubbish – codswallop, in other words. We are merely reflecting on the huge impact cod and other seafood has had on East Coast history, economy, and culture.

Of course, there ain't the fish there used to be on them thar shores. Which may explain in part the museological interest – memorializing the past, as museums are wont to do. Anyway, Lifelines: Canada's East Coast Fisheries, which opens April 6, offers a comprehensive look at the fisheries' legacy through six integrated exhibitions, three mounted by the Canadian Museum of Civilization, and three contributed by the Newfoundland Museum, the P.E.I. Museum and Heritage Foundation, and the New Brunswick Museum respectively. Covered is the aboriginal fishing experience in Atlantic Canada from the dawn o' time through the contact period to the present, the cod-o-mania that shaped East Coast economic and community life from John Cabot's 1497 arrival in Newfoundland to the end of the French regime in 1763, the seal and whale hunt, as well as a depiction of the domestic side of the Newfoundland outport life, the history of the Prince Edward Island lobster fishery, and sport fishing in New Brunswick. You can walk through a reconstructed outport kitchen, look at a twenty-three kilogram lobster (yum!), trip by the dioramas depicting aspects of the fishing life, note the myriad artifacts and archival photographs, and, indeed, get a taste for this very fishy experience. All they need to do is pipe in some tangy sea air.

PHOTO COURTESY P.E.I. MUSEUM AND HERITAGE FOUNDATION

Census Days, Past and Present

"Tuesday May 15, 2001 is Census Day in Canada! Count yourself in!" With these words, Statistics Canada announces its first census of the twenty-first century. The national statistical agency is smoothly reassuring in its effort to explain the importance of the census, and to persuade us that completing the census form is our duty as citizens. Behind the soothing words lies an uncomfortable reality: today, as in the past, the census provokes conflict and debate. It does so precisely because it is so important.

Should it surprise us that anything touching so directly on the definition of Canada is controversial? The history of census taking tells us that controversy is neither new nor surprising, because the census is a defining moment in the relations between government and people. The first true census in our history was probably the census of New France organized by the Intendant Jean Talon in 1666, as part of his efforts to impose royal administration on the colony. The connection between census taking and the growth of the modern state became even more apparent in the century after the conquest of New France by the English. As Bruce Curtis argues in his recent book, *The Politics of Population: State Formation, Statistics, and the Census of Canada, 1840–1875*, census taking is one of the many practices by which the modern state assumes authority over citizens. Knowledge is power: the census gives the modern state the power to define the nation as more than mere territory, to sort the "population" into specific categories, to give back to the "population" an image of itself, and to claim the authority to manage social and political relations.

Important as the census was for colonial politicians, they found it no easy matter to count everybody. Today's government has advantages that colonial politicians could never dream of: computers, over 38,000 enumerators, more than $347 million dollars (the cost of the 1996 census). The census today is one of Canada's largest peacetime operations. Colonial governments tried to count people with proportionately much smaller resources and with few mechanical aids other than ink and paper. Little wonder that the final printed tables were sometimes the product of confusion, incompetence, and political influence.

One has to pity the census enumerator who struggled on snowshoes through a blizzard in mid-January 1852, carrying his insufficient bundle of enumeration schedules, looking for a farmhouse on the remote corner of an Upper Canadian township.

ENUMERATOR.—"*What origin, Ma'am?*"
LADY.—"*Canadian, of course!*"
ENUMERATOR.—"*But you* KNOW *we* DON'T *take down Canadian origin.*"
LADY.—"*Well, then! follow Darwin's theory, and enter us as descended from apes!*"

From *Canadian Illustrated News*, May 6, 1871.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF CANADA / C-13511

He might arrive to find a suspicious householder who refused to answer questions for fear that doing so would mean the imposition of fees or taxes. We might equally sympathize with the French-speaking family, faced by a unilingual English enumerator carrying unilingual or at best mistranslated schedules. Four decades later, what else was the hapless English-speaking enumerator to do in British Columbia's Chinese communities, other than to make long lists of people named "Chinaman"? And how was any census enumerator supposed to shuffle complex native kin groups into Eurocentric categories such as "household" or "family?"

Often it was not clear who should be counted. A *de jure* census was intended to record people at their normal or habitual residence, rather than where they were actually found on census day. But what was the normal residence of the migratory French Canadians who worked, perhaps temporarily, in factories in the United States? Were the men and women in steamboats on the Yukon River in 1901 really in their normal residence? Historians suspect that underenumeration was a serious problem for nineteenth-century censuses, but overenumeration was also possible. An unknown number of people may have been counted in two places; and there is evidence that compilers and "correctors" may have been unduly zealous in their efforts to ensure complete counts in many districts.

Nineteenth-century censuses sometimes roused the ire of the very citizens counted because the results mattered to them. Censuses helped governments to determine the amount of money paid for the support of denominational schools. Given the connection between population counts and seats in the legislature, censuses were basic to political representation both before and after Confederation. The results of the mid-nineteenth-century censuses fuelled reformers' demands for "representation by population" when it revealed that the population of Canada West was greater than that of Canada East by some 62,000. The post-Confederation censuses were basic to adjusting the number of seats in Parliament allocated to each province, as well as to the sharing of revenues between federal and provincial levels of government. By tracking the relative decline of some provinces and regions and the relative growth of others in the twentieth century, the census was fundamental to all regional and ethnolinguistic debates and even to the origins of regionalism. The census remained a lightning rod in relations between English Canada and French Canada.

Many Canadians responded by demanding greater involvement in the making of the census. The Trades and Labor Congress insisted that questions about the condition of workers be included, and one result, in 1891, was the first question on the extent of unemployment in Canada. Canadians discovered that they could, within limits, influence the census itself, and they have continued to do so ever since. Wider access to census results also encouraged greater public feedback. Statistics Canada shares the opportunity to analyze individual-level information, while withholding information that might identify any individual. The release of anonymous "public-use samples" of census information after 1961 meant that more information was shared with a growing number of researchers.

The census remains essential for the operations of government and for all serious analyses of public policies and of Canadian society. It costs money, but it also saves the money of taxpayers by allowing more accurate estimates of public needs and a more efficient allocation of public resources. The wider sharing of census information allows for more productive discussions of housing, immigration policies, health care, education, job training, social assistance, old-age security, child poverty, and much more.

Because the census is so important, and because its results are widely shared, Canadians continue to debate access to the original individual-level census information. On the one hand, the census information is undoubtedly a national treasure, an indispensable source of knowledge on Canada and the Canadian people. Historians, genealogists, and individuals interested in their family history want access to the original returns in which individual names appear. On the other hand, every census since 1871 has included some attempt to maintain secrecy, and since 1918 legislation has promised that only people directly involved in taking the census may see any individual returns. Older promises of confidentiality, however, sit uncomfortably beside the stated intention that the census records be preserved for the use of future generations, and promises of secrecy have not prevented the release of the original census returns up to 1901.

To try to resolve the problem, the federal minister of industry appointed the Expert Panel on Access to Historical Census Records The panel's report, released in December 2000, concludes that the commitment to confidentiality was never intended to last indefinitely, and that the provisions of the *Privacy Act* of 1983 should apply so as to allow release of census information after ninety-two years. The panel points out that most of the information in present and past censuses is not highly sensitive, and information that is sensitive becomes less so over time. The release of census information in the United States (after seventy-two years), Britain (after 100 years) and Newfoundland (all census information up to 1945 is accessible) has never prompted complaints. An Environics public opinion poll in March 2000 suggested that a majority of Canadians support the release of their personal census information after 100 years.

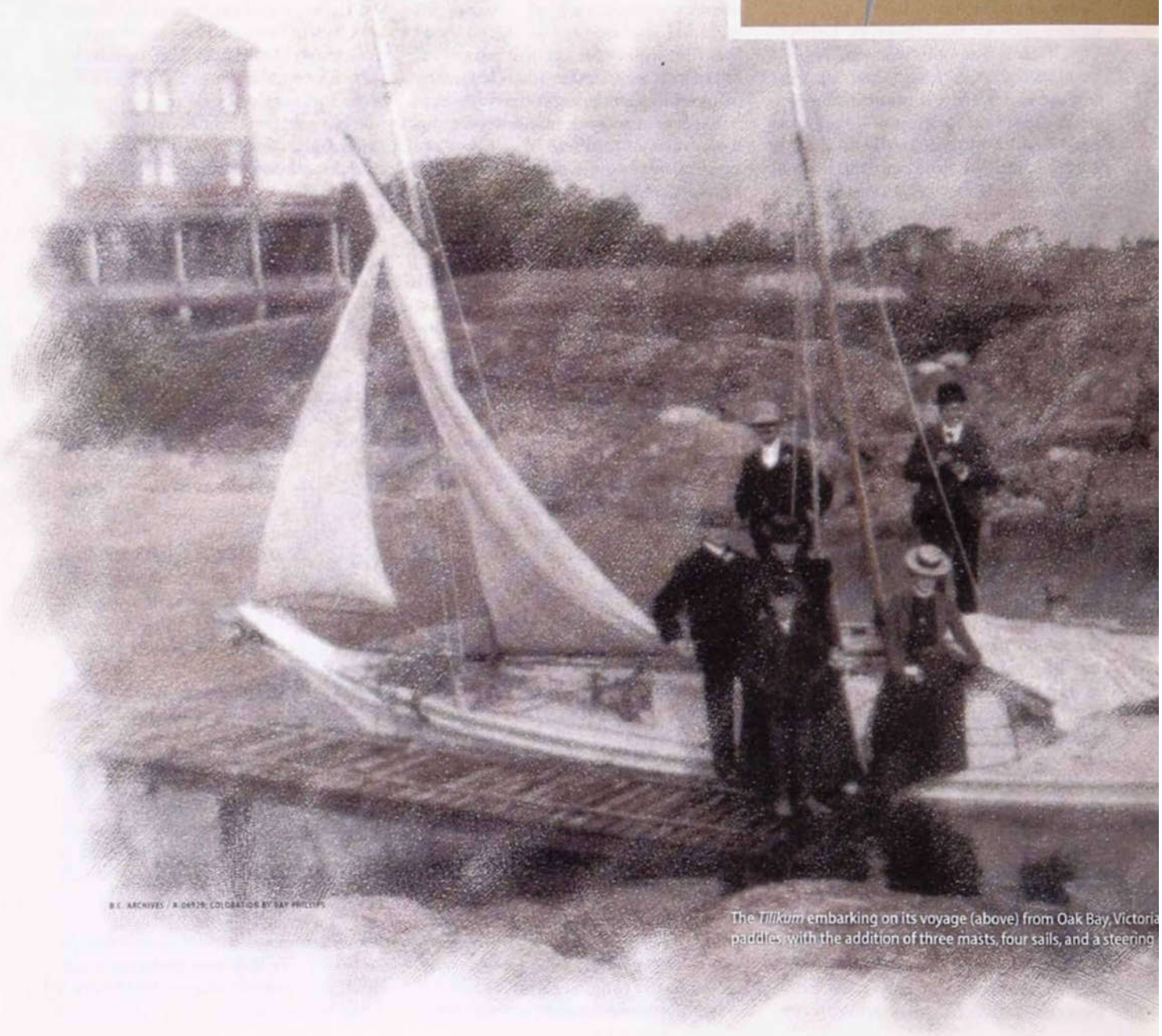
The panel seeks to preserve a careful balance between rights to personal privacy and the public interest in access to information and historical knowledge. Let us hope that the government acts to implement the recommended balance. In doing so, it would allow Canadians of the present to know our ancestors better than ever before, and no longer through the restricted gaze of past compilers of census tables. Only then might our ancestors be fully "counted in" to the history they made. Only then may we who fill in our forms on May 15 be "counted in" when our great-grandchildren seek to write the history of our times.

Eric Sager is professor of history and director of the Canadian Families Project at the University of Victoria. He has worked with Canadian censuses, mainly those of 1891 and 1901, for thirteen years.

When an impulsive young adventurer asked a crusty seaman if he could achieve what the American Joshua Slocum had – sailing around the world in a small craft – Captain John Voss told Norman Luxton he could go one better – he would cross three oceans in a canoe. One hundred years ago, they set off on their voyage. It wasn't all smooth sailing.

Around The

by Graham Chandler



B.C. ARCHIVES / A-04929; COLOURATION BY RAY PHILLIPS

The *Tilikum* embarking on its voyage (above) from Oak Bay, Victoria paddles with the addition of three masts, four sails, and a steering

the World by Canoe
Voyage of the *Tilikum*

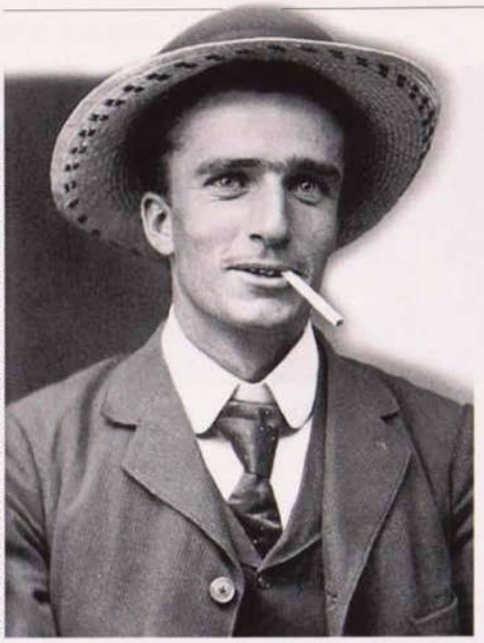
In May 1901, Captain Voss had modified the native whaling canoe, traditionally propelled by cockpit (among other things), effectively changing it into a sailing vessel.

In a dusty glass cabinet sharing the front room of a turn-of-the-century house at 206 Beaver Street in Banff sits a model of a curious looking three-masted sailboat. Its figurehead is a ferocious eagle, something more natural to a West Coast native war canoe. The house was owned by Norman Kenny Luxton, and the model is indeed that of a Nootka canoe – a canoe that 100 years ago this spring took him from Victoria to Fiji and went on to become the only canoe ever to have sailed sixty-four thousand kilometres around the world.

Luxton was a prairie lad born November 2, 1876, in Upper Fort Garry to the founder of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. After apprenticing with the Indian Agency where he claimed he once met Louis Riel, and an eight-year stint with the *Calgary Herald*, he grew restless, and at the age of twenty-five found himself on the West Coast working for the *Vancouver Sun*. At a waterfront bar one night in 1901, he met a swashbuckling fortyish sea captain named John Claus Voss. Luxton had never sailed in his life, but he was ripe for romance, adventure, the meaning of life, and lots of money. And he had the newspaperman's eye for a story.

Over a beer Luxton hatched a plan to the barrel-chested Jack Tar with the handlebar mustache. Voss later described it: "Mr. Luxton ... asked me if I thought I could accomplish a voyage round the world in a smaller vessel than the American yawl *Spray*, in which Captain Slocum, an American citizen, had successfully circumnavigated the globe."

Of course, Voss thought, and immediately proposed that they make it a real challenge by doing it in a canoe. Luxton sweetened the deal with five thousand U.S.



COURTESY OF THE ELEANOR LUXTON HISTORICAL FOUNDATION / WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Norman Kenny Luxton was a young journalist and adventurer when he met Captain John Voss in a Victoria bar, where the two plotted their 1901 voyage." I went on that trip looking for what I did not know, but it was a great something that I knew I was without," he wrote. Luxton sailed as far as Fiji, but coral fever and increased animosity between him and Voss led to his decision to return to Canada. He settled in Banff, later founding the town's first newspaper and the Luxton Museum; he also owned a gift shop, theatre, hotel, several restaurants, the morgue, and partnership in an airline, earning him the appellation "Mr. Banff." He died there in 1962.

dollars, the result of a bet with some Americans. The venture was a publicity stunt from the start, but the two's motives were different. Voss smelled high-seas adventure. Luxton smelled money. Luxton was a visionary, a promoter, always looking to new ideas and the future. "When I get to Australia I am going to try and do business in timber," he wrote his mother before their departure. Voss and Luxton signed an agreement, and weeks later purchased a used twelve-metre, red-cedar dugout canoe built in Clayoquot, B.C.

They took her to Spotlight Cove on Galiano Island, and with the assistance of a shipwright named Harry Vollmers got her ready to meet the rigours of blue-water sailing. Oak frames reinforced the hull and eighteen centimetres were added to her gunwales. They ballasted her inside and added a keel with 170 kilograms of lead on the bottom. Rigging her with three masts and four sails adding up to twenty-one square metres, they decked her over and built a 1.5 x 2.4 metre cabin on top. Ahead of her time, all running gear led back to the cockpit in the manner of modern racers so she could be easily sailed single-handedly. Two galvanized water tanks and storage completed the conversion.

She was christened *Tilikum* (Chinook for "friend") and taken for a shakedown in coastal waters. "She would have been a bit of a dog to steer," says Ron Mack, master sailmaker, who last year was commissioned by the Maritime Museum of British Columbia to re-create the sails. "In a sloppy sea that rudder wouldn't touch water." But it seems Voss and Luxton thought otherwise. "I have seen such mountains of water as I never could dream of but the *Tilikum* went over everything like a bird, and wind has no effect on her at all. I am more than ever convinced that she is safe as any boat on the sea," Luxton wrote his mother.

Satisfied with her performance, the boys provisioned her with canned goods, sea biscuits, a medicine chest, two rifles, a shotgun, a pistol, a camera, a sextant, a compass, and a chronometer. A Victoria secondhand store yielded a Pacific Ocean directory and chart. They were ready to set sail.

At six o'clock on the morning of May 21, 1901, the intrepid pair caught the wind out of Victoria harbour. They were weatherbound at first, anchoring at Port San Juan and Dodges Cove on the west coast of Vancouver Island, where they were shot at while looting some Indian burial grounds for "curios" to sell on the trip. Finally, on July 6, they set their sails for the Marquesas Islands in the South Pacific.

Just eight days into that first ocean leg, 1,170 kilometres from Vancouver, Luxton discovered that seawater had leaked into their provisions. Biscuit boxes were bursting, cans were swelling, and everything was mouldy. "It was so bad that I had to pick over our oatmeal flake by flake, all according to colour. It was the whites against the greens, the latter always winning ten to one." But they caught a few fish and a sea turtle, and pressed on.

Making 145 to 160 kilometres a day, they encountered some vicious storms and waves, many with faces much longer than their boat. But Captain Voss was an expert in the use of a sea anchor, one that he had designed himself, and it helped him keep the small craft headed safely into the wind over the open sea.

Bypassing the Marquesas Islands due to strong winds, their first land was at Penrhyn Island, one of the Cook Islands. Here they met two British traders, Dexter and Winchester, who for three weeks treated them to the charms of the islands, from feasts to princesses. The islanders generously repainted and restocked their boat.

Satiated, they weighed anchor and set course on September 26 for the Danger Islands and Samoa. After the joys of the island stop, sharing a small cabin for days on end began to wear thin. One day Voss didn't like the way Luxton was handling the boat. He grabbed him by the collar and threw him into the cabin, threatening to kill him and throw him overboard. Luxton's response was to calmly have his dinner and wash the dishes. Then, he grabbed the .22 calibre pistol and held it to Voss's head, ordering him into the cabin and locking him inside until they reached Apia Harbour in Samoa. Luxton was clearly getting fed up. "I have made up my mind that when I get to Sydney that will be the last time I get into that canoe to cross any open sea," he wrote his mother when they arrived in Samoa. Voss never mentioned the incident in his account. On approaching Suva, Fiji, Luxton was again on watch. About 2:30 in the morning he heard breakers and wakened Voss to ask his advice. "Keep her on course," Voss sleepily replied. At that

was handling the boat. He grabbed him by the collar and cabin, threatening to kill him and throw him overboard.

instant they were on top of a reef and broadsided by a massive wave that rolled the canoe onto its side. Luxton was pitched overboard and lost sight of the boat. He knew he was inside a shark-infested lagoon, so he decided to try and stay on the reef, hoping Voss would find him in the morning. But the pounding made it impossible. "Extra large waves, casting tons of water over the reef, would throw me further into the lagoon. Frantically would I put on more steam to reach the reef away from the sharks, only to get more Hell from the coral," he wrote. He didn't remember how he got there, but by morning he found himself on an uninhabited beach "as raw as a butcher's hind-leg of beef." Voss, who had given him up for dead, nursed him back to health while spending a couple of days repairing the canoe. On entering Suva harbour, a weakened Luxton consulted a doctor, who advised him not to continue with the voyage. He set out to find a replacement, but Voss already had a man, a Tasmanian named Louis Begent. Voss and his new crewman reprovisioned, including liquor, which to Luxton was taboo at sea. Luxton secured passage on the SS *Birksgate* to Sydney.

Arriving in Sydney, he waited for Voss and the *Tilikum*. Ten days overdue, he had given them up for lost. But early one sunny afternoon, John Voss stepped up on the veranda where Luxton was sitting and told him of storms never dreamed of. And, shockingly, the news that his mate Begent had been swept overboard and lost at sea with the ship's only compass. As Voss recounts the story, he had been in the cabin repairing their compass and had just passed it out to Begent when "I saw a large breaking sea coming up near the stern." He shouted a warning, but it was too late. The rogue wave hit them, knocking Voss back against the cabin. By the time he regained his balance, his mate was gone. Because of the strong wind and waves, he couldn't beat back to find him. Luxton wrote afterwards he never believed Voss's story. He knew Voss's dark side and was convinced he had killed Begent in a drunken fight. After the news of the death, both Luxton and the local newspapers dropped interest in the boat's story. Luxton tried to coax Voss into abandoning the trip. But Voss's 2,000 kilometres to Sydney "steering by the sun, moon, stars and ocean swell" said a lot for his capabilities as a seaman. He was determined to continue the voyage in the *Tilikum*. To raise funds for a new mate and fresh provisions, he exhibited the canoe in Sydney, then put her on the train to Newcastle a hundred kilometres north.

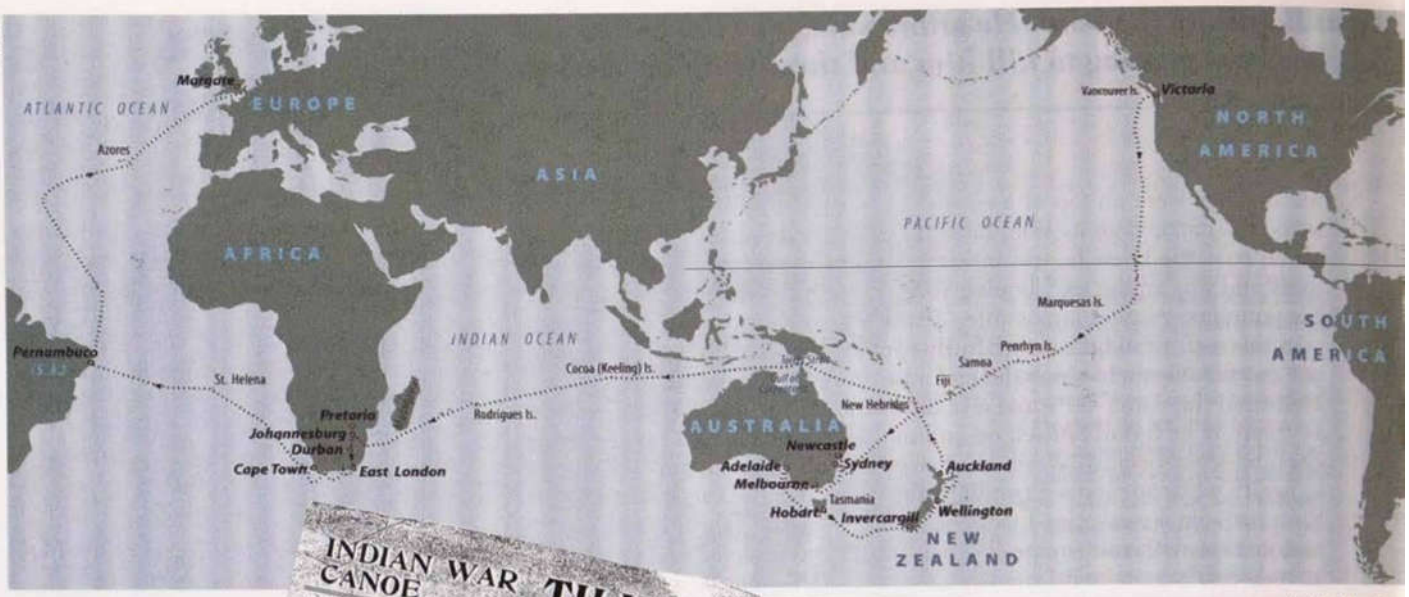
Just before leaving Newcastle, Voss reported seeing Luxton, who again pleaded with him to abandon the venture. That was the last they saw of each other. Voss sailed off to Melbourne with a new mate. At Melbourne, Voss had more bad luck. At another exhibition, *Tilikum* was sent crashing to the ground when a hauling block broke. The fall split her hull in five places. Voss successfully sued for the £200 needed for repairs. Changing mates yet again – he hired Buckridge, who had been part of Robert Scott's first Antarctic expedition – he set sail for Adelaide, then Hobart, Tasmania, and then to Invercargill and other spots along the coast of New Zealand. In Wellington, after a show and talk on *Tilikum*, a young Royal Navy lieutenant named Ernest Shackleton came up and shook his hand. Such recognition warmed Voss and inspired others: in Auckland, Buckridge announced he was leaving the *Tilikum* to sail his own small boat and race him to England. Voss signed on yet another, Herbert Macmillan, a former man of the cloth, and on August 19, now nearly two years and three months since leaving Victoria, shaped a course for the New Hebrides. They lowered their Canadian Ensign to half mast as they crossed the point where Voss had lost Begent to the sea.

After a cordial stay with some missionaries in the New Hebrides, the two aimed the canoe due west for the Torres Strait. Apart from some food

MARITIME MUSEUM OF BRITISH COLUMBIA / 23439

John Claus Voss, born in Germany in 1858, first went to sea at nineteen. Prior to his *Tilikum* journey, he was proprietor of a hotel in Chemainus, B.C. Short and stocky, moody and taciturn, he clashed with his partner, the outgoing adventurer Norman Luxton, who even suggested the captain was a murderer. But Voss also gained the younger man's respect for his remarkable seamanship: "As a sailor, there was never anyone quite so wonderful: winds, weather, water, currents, dead reckoning, he had no equal in his time." Following the voyage, Voss returned to the hotel business and later embarked on other seagoing expeditions. He died in 1922 in Tracy, California, where he had operated a jitney.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES, CALGARY, CANADA NC-28-1



INDIAN WAR CANOE — TILIKUM

No. 1. TILIKUM ... is now on exhibition at the Corner of George and Gipps Sts., Sydney. This Utility craft was made by the Indians of Puget Sound over 40 years ago for the purpose of carrying war parties between the different Islands. The wonderful history of the canoe is that she is a DUG-OUT FROM ONE TREE, is a DUG-OUT 48 ft. keel, 6 ft. beam, 9 ft. deep, and a fair measurement. From the port of starting, Victoria, B.C., Canada, to Liverpool, England, via Penrhyn, Samoa, and Fiji Islands, she has covered a distance of 9,600 miles.

Some of the Things you can see when you call on the "Tilikum":

No. 2. The DEEP SEA ANCHOR which took the "Tilikum" safely through many gales.

No. 3. CHART of NORTH and SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, with the track of the "Tilikum," showing the islands stopped at; the rules encountered in all shortfully explained by Captain J. C. Voss.

No. 4. INDIAN FLAT HEADS—Skulls of Puget Sound.

No. 5. WHALING HARPOON of the Indians.

No. 6. TOOLS the Indians use in making their carvings.

No. 7. MODELS of Indian canoes.

No. 8. INDIAN PADDLES.

No. 9. INDIAN BASKET WORK.

No. 10. INDIAN WATER BOTTLES.

No. 11. INDIAN ANKLETS used when dancing.

No. 12. IMPLEMENTS used in basket work.

No. 13. PAPOOSE CARRIER.

No. 14. INDIAN FISHING BASKET.

No. 15. PEARL SHELLS from Penrhyn Island, showing the growth of the pearl when.

No. 16. NATIVE HATS of Humphrey Island, made from sugar cane, cocoanut, sweet grasses and pandanus.

No. 17. FANS from Penrhyn, Humphrey, Danger and Samoan Islands.

No. 18. BIBLE BASKETS used by the South Sea Islanders to carry their bibles.

No. 19. SOUTH SEA ISLAND MATS.

No. 20. PANDANUS Strips used in making hats, mats, baskets, etc.

No. 21. MODEL of South Sea Island Canoe known as the Catamaran.

No. 22. TAPPA CLOTH, made by the natives out of bark found on the "Mast" of bark found on the back of trees.

No. 23. SAMOAN MAT, made out of the cocoanut fibre.

No. 24. NATIVE HOPE, made from cocoanut fibre.

No. 25. TOBACCO grown by the South Sea Islanders.

No. 26. PEARL FISH HOOK.

Numerous other Curios are on view, and remember it will be all likelihood be the last time a vessel made from one tree—a North American Indian DUG-OUT—will ever visit the Australian Colonies. Now is your chance. Leading Newspapers will chronicle future movements of the "Tilikum" for the next four or five years.

On EXHIBITION at Cor. GEORGE & GIPP STS. Opposite ANTHONY HORDERN'S

ADMISSION: Adults, 6d; Children, 3d.

WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

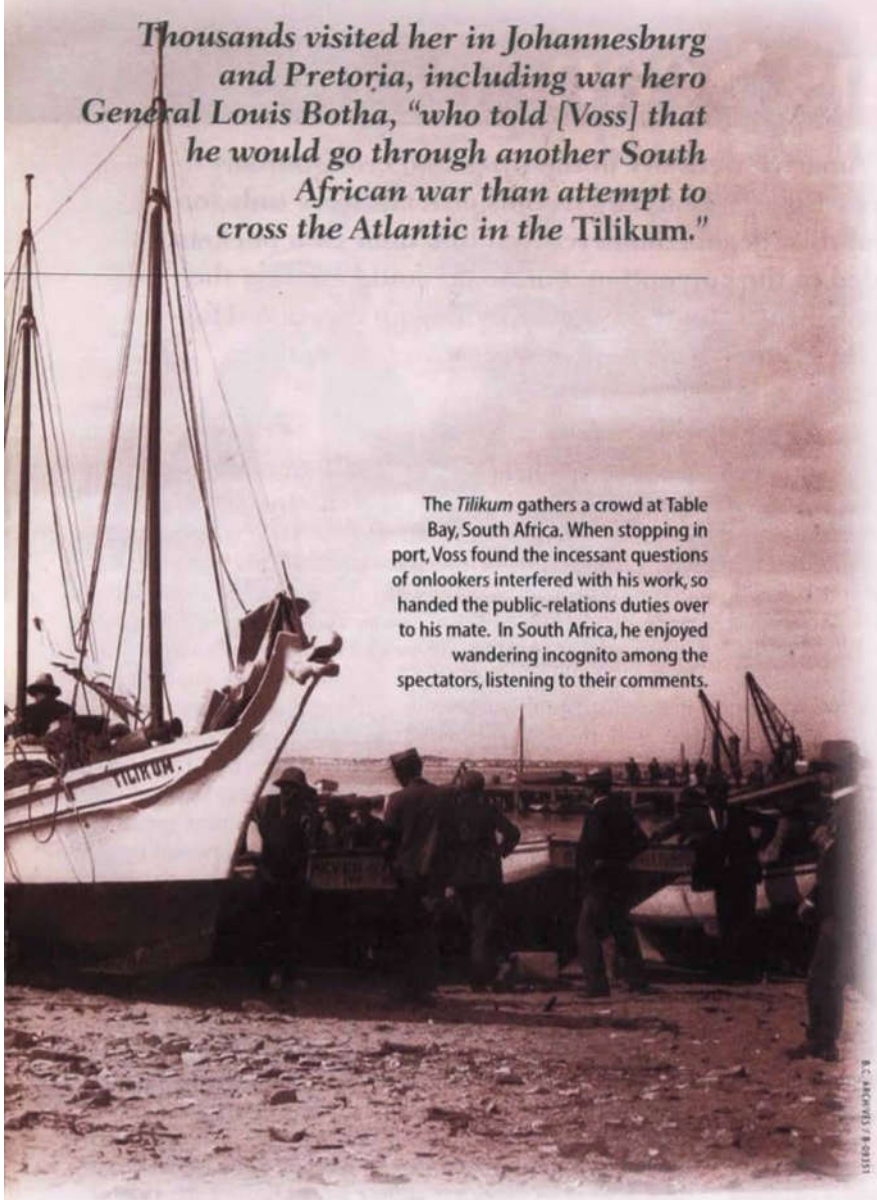
This flyer from Sydney, Australia, advertised native artifacts, looted from B.C. burial grounds and gathered in the *Tilikum*'s travels, as added attractions to an exhibit of the canoe.

poisoning on Voss's part, the trip through the strait and across the Gulf of Carpentaria was uneventful. They made for the Cocos (Keeling) Islands in the Indian Ocean. The wind died down on their approach. With the boat becalmed, Voss and Macmillan rested for the night. But morning found them drifted far away. They tried sailing back into the wind, but the drifting current was too strong, and they soon lost sight of the islands. Their only option now was to push on to their next destination, Rodrigues Island, more than three thousand kilometres to the west, without fresh provisions. Down to just a few pints of water, they prayed. Five days later, luck brought them torrential rains and they filled their tanks. On November 28, 1903, they sighted Rodrigues Island. Following a short stay enjoying the hospitalities of the island folk, they hit the open ocean for Durban, South Africa. They made good time and on December 22 sighted the South African coast. Visions of Christmas dinner filled their heads. But two wicked storms tossed them about for three days. So they ate their last corned beef for Christmas dinner, then put into Durban.

It appears they neglected to tell anyone. Back in Australia, *The Observer* of Adelaide reported on January 30, 1904: "It is feared that the 4-ton yacht *Tilikum* ... has been lost. Today the tiny vessel is 119 days out from Thursday Island to Cocos Island, a distance of 2,800 miles and she has been declared missing." The newspaper continued with an obituary of the whole *Tilikum* odyssey since leaving Victoria harbour.

In Durban, Voss heard the news that his former mate Buckridge had perished in his attempt to beat him to England. Macmillan left him to seek a fortune in the gold and diamond mines of South Africa. But the *Tilikum* was again the star of travelling shows. Thousands visited her in Johannesburg and Pretoria, including war hero General Louis

***Thousands visited her in Johannesburg and Pretoria, including war hero General Louis Botha, "who told [Voss] that he would go through another South African war than attempt to cross the Atlantic in the* Tilikum."**



The *Tilikum* gathers a crowd at Table Bay, South Africa. When stopping in port, Voss found the incessant questions of onlookers interfered with his work, so handed the public-relations duties over to his mate. In South Africa, he enjoyed wandering incognito among the spectators, listening to their comments.

B.C. ARCHIVES / B-09351

Botha, "who told me that he would go through another South African war than attempt to cross the Atlantic in the *Tilikum*." Following a train trip down to East London, he hired his tenth crew member and sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to Capetown. There his eleventh and last mate, Harrison, met him for the voyage across the South Atlantic to Pernambuco (Recife), Brazil.

Harrison, who suffered from consumption, spent most days hanging over the side with seasickness, so Voss altered course and landed instead at St. Helena, where Napoleon Bonaparte had been banished. Harrison recovered and continued on with Voss to Brazil. On May 20, 1904, just a few hours short of three years after his departure from Victoria, they anchored at Pernambuco. He wrote of the milestone, "Thus the *Tilikum* had succeeded in crossing the three oceans and the contract I had entered upon with Mr. Luxton was fulfilled." At Pernambuco, the British consul congratulated the two and treated them with free railway passes to see Brazil. On the afternoon of June 4, they were towed out of the harbour to set course for the final leg, to London. On the way, they pulled into the Azores for more of the royal treatment before pressing on to England.

Finally, at four o'clock in the afternoon of September 2, 1904, *Tilikum* sailed into Margate, England, to a cheering welcome, exactly three years, three months and twelve days after leaving Victoria.

Voss's account of the voyage comes to a rather abrupt end at this point. With the help of Shackleton, whom he had met in New Zealand, *Tilikum* was exhibited at Earl's Court for the Navy and Marine Exhibition of 1905. Voss was elected a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, where he became a popular lecturer. But after this he appears to have faded from public view. Author Francis Dickie, in an October 1959 article in *Seacraft*, said an unknown researcher claimed he had been lost at sea in 1913 on a venture out of Yokohama. But according to his daughter, Caroline Kuhn, he ended up driving a taxi in Tracy, California,where he died in 1922.

The *Tilikum* came close to suffering a similarly ignoble fate. After her Earl's Court showing, she changed hands a few times and was abandoned on the Thames in 1929. Inquiries by an unnamed Canadian naval officer led to London's B.C. House advertising as to her whereabouts. A response came back from a Mr. Byford, on whose property she was rotting. She was shipped back to Victoria on the Furness Line in 1930.

The Empress Hotel provided a display site next to the Crystal Gardens on Douglas Street. In 1936 the Thermopylae Club restored her, and in 1940 she was moved to Thunderbird Park. She was relocated to her present home, the Maritime Museum of British Columbia, in 1965.

Luxton worked his passage from Sydney back to Victoria as an able seaman and found his way to Banff, there marrying the daughter of David McDougall, one of the region's most prominent citizens. He opened a tourist shop, a taxidermist shop, and started Banff's first newspaper, the *Crag and Canyon*. Luxton lived at 206 Beaver Street until his death in 1962.

For further reading:

Tilikum: Luxton's Pacific Crossing, edited by Eleanor Georgina Luxton. Gray's Publishing Ltd., Sidney, B.C., 1971.

The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss, 3d ed., by J.C. Voss. Gray's Publishing Ltd., Sidney, B.C., 1976.

Graham Chandler is a freelance writer living in Calgary. He holds a doctorate in archaeology from the University of London, England.

The Customs Scandal of 1926

by Lita-Rose Betcherman **America went dry in the 1920s and cross-border rumrunning was big business. Some Canadian customs officials were only too happy to grease the wheels of this illegal commerce and line their own pockets. In Ottawa, eyes were blinded to the corruption, but no lid could contain the growing scandal. Mackenzie King was on the verge of calling an election. How would he fare when the stain was seeping into his own Cabinet?**

During the First World War, both the United States and Canada introduced prohibition legislation, but after the war they went different ways. In 1919 the Eighteenth Amendment to the American constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and transport of alcoholic beverages, was ratified by the necessary thirty-six states. To enforce the prohibition amendment Congress passed the Volstead Act that same year. While the United States went dry, Canada – turning away from a history of strong temperance movements – went wet. In 1919 the dominion government let its wartime prohibition orders-in-council expire, parking the question of prohibition on the provinces' doorsteps. Quebec and British Columbia pointed the way to repeal in 1920 and 1921 by setting up government-controlled liquor stores. Seeing the revenue that the liquor commissions generated, the prairie provinces followed suit in 1923 and 1924. Although the Ontario Temperance Act was not repealed until 1926, it was not rigorously enforced. By the end of the decade the only dry province was Prince Edward Island. Exporting alcoholic beverages had never been illegal in Canada. Distilleries and breweries such as Hiram Walker in Windsor, Gooderham and Worts in Toronto, and Molson's Breweries in Montreal were old established businesses.

Prohibition in the United States in the 1920s spawned a gigantic cross-border smuggling operation. All along the porous border, by water and over land, American rumrunners brought Canadian spirits into the States to be bootlegged to speakeasies and gangster distributors. In hidden coves along the St. Lawrence and the east coast, speedboats picked up liquor and beer for consumption in New York. Windsor, lying just across the river from Detroit, was a main entry point: bootlegging was the Motor City's second biggest industry and was completely controlled by the Black Hand, the forerunner of the Mafia. The bridge at Niagara Falls was another border point favoured by the smugglers. But the most notorious stretch was the two hundred kilometres between Cornwall, Ontario, and Rock Island, Quebec, where sixty unguarded roads connected with New York State and Vermont. Nightly, fast Auburn and Packard touring cars, equipped with concealed compartments, sped north across the international border, returning with carloads of liquor. Customs officers colluded with the smugglers on both sides of the border. Indeed, the customs station at Rouses Point, New York, was so understaffed and corrupt that smugglers drove brazenly and openly past it, giving the highway the name of Rum Row.

Canadian distilleries and breweries were making fortunes slaking American thirst. Though the liquor traffic breached American legislation, it only broke Canadian law if the distilleries and breweries sold product destined for the U.S. market without giving the federal and provincial governments their share in excise and sales tax. There was plenty of evasion. During the Prohibition era, some of the old families sold out of the liquor trade to a new breed of entrepreneur. A string of branch distilleries opened up as close to the border as possible. Soft-drink bottlers changed the contents to hard drink overnight. As historians John Thompson and Allan Seager put it in *Canada 1922–1939: Decades of Discord*, "exporting liquor illegally to the United States was one of Canada's growth industries in the 1920s."

By 1924 a two-way traffic had evolved. On their way to pick up the booze, American rumrunners began filling their empty cars with ready-to-wear clothing, silks, prison-made denim overalls, jewellery, radios, cigarettes, and drugs, which they smuggled into Canada. Not only did these high-tariff goods slip in free of duty, because of American mass production they were cheaper than those Canadian manufacturers could produce. New cut-rate retail outlets sprang up in Montreal and Toronto selling these incredible "bargains." The government was losing millions in customs duties, and reputable Canadian manufacturers loudly complained of undercutting.

As early as August 1924, a delegation of clothing manufacturers complained to a cabinet committee that cheap contraband goods were running them out of business. Faced with government inaction, they formed the Commercial Protective Association to investigate smuggling. In a letter to Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King in February 1925, the association's chairman, R.P. Sparks, set out startling findings of graft and corruption in the customs department.

The smuggling was going on under the eyes of customs officials. The minister of customs, Jacques Bureau, was a genial alcoholic who was kept regularly supplied with

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A cartoon that appeared in the March 1926 edition of *Maclean's* magazine, shortly after the Stevens Inquiry began to reveal the extent of corruption in the customs department.

When shall we three meet again?

cases of seized illicit liquor by a Montreal customs officer. Bureau's response to the smuggling problem ranged from a stupefying lack of concern to downright collusion. He defended his worthless officials, including R.R. Farrow, his deputy minister, another hard drinker. Probably on Farrow's advice, Bureau promoted J.A.E. Bisaillon to chief preventive officer for Montreal, despite his reputation as a crook and bootlegger.

In a meeting with Bureau, Sparks provided incontrovertible evidence that Bisaillon was trafficking in liquor and automobiles that had been seized for nonpayment of taxes, and covering his tracks with forged documents. Bureau inquired whether these incidents had occurred after Bisaillon's promotion. Told that they had happened while Bisaillon was a regular customs officer, Bureau replied that he would only consider matters that had occurred since Bisaillon was promoted. The logic of this escaped Sparks.

Questioned in the House in February 1925 on what his department was doing about the smuggling, Bureau answered, "I don't believe that any human being could stop it."

The RCMP tried. But they were repeatedly stymied. One of Bureau's first acts as customs minister was to ban the Mounties from patrolling the Quebec border. Any narcotics or other contraband they seized in Montreal harbour were to be turned over to Bisaillon's customs officers. Although the turf wars were fought mainly in Quebec, the RCMP and customs officers also clashed in British Columbia. In the opinion of a British Columbia senator, the failure to catch smugglers on the West Coast was the result of friction between these two government bodies.

The notorious Barge Tremblay Affair indicates the extent of corruption in the customs department. In November 1924, a boatload of liquor in the St. Lawrence was transferred from a Belgian schooner to a barge owned and operated by one Captain Tremblay. Aboard the barge was a pair of New York's most notorious bootleggers. Their plan was to secretly unload the liquor in Montreal with

Bisaillon's connivance, and then smuggle it into the United States. But the Quebec Liquor Commission police had been tipped off, and when the barge arrived in port they seized the cargo and arrested everyone onboard. At this point Bisaillon arrived at the dock and took over in the name of the federal government. Under Bisaillon's benevolent eye, the bootleggers boldly walked off the barge and sailed away on a waiting yacht.

Two trials came out of the affair. Captain Tremblay was arrested on a smuggling charge (he got off lightly with a fine), and Bisaillon was charged with conspiracy. Under cross-examination, Bisaillon revealed that the customs duties he collected were deposited into his own bank account. He could not produce a single example of a remittance to the receiver general. No wonder that on an annual salary of $2,300 he had a bank balance of $65,000. Despite his damaging testimony, the Montreal judge acquitted him. (The prosecution of smugglers was exceedingly lax in Quebec. R.P. Sparks complained to Premier Taschereau in 1925 that as many as fifty-two adjournments had been granted in one case, and "in others in which guilt had been proven, the only punishment was the imposition of a paltry fine.") Incredibly, after his self-incrimination, Bisaillon retained his job as chief customs officer for the port of Montreal for ten more months.

The prime minister was well aware that Bisaillon was a pawn of the bootleggers and that Bureau was protecting him. This was only one of Bureau's sins. On his orders, prosecutions were stopped and seized goods released. The Toronto *Globe* claimed that "customs officials were under orders to give clearance papers to boats known to be engaged in smuggling operations." These clearances were so bogus that vessels laden with liquor consigned for shipment to Mexico, or even Yokohama, returned to Montreal within forty-eight hours, having discharged their cargo in Detroit.

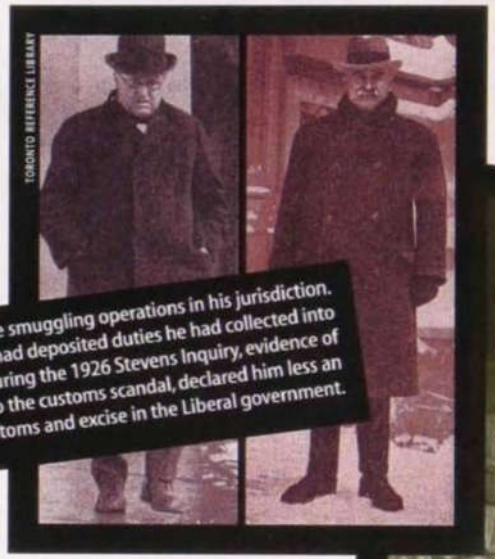
King was anxious to clean up "the rotten situation," but as he recorded in his diary, "the determination of the Quebec men to do as Bureau wished prevented it." Indeed, King's Quebec lieutenant, Minister of Justice Ernest Lapointe, was adamant that Bureau, his close friend and former mentor, should keep his sensitive portfolio. The minister of marine and fisheries, Arthur Cardin, justified Bureau's conduct by saying that he was just trying to help his friends. Meanwhile Jim Robb, the acting minister of finance, was threatening to resign if nothing was done. Insiders, according to *Saturday Night*, heard rumours of "civil war in the cabinet because the Prime Minister could not control and discipline Hon. Jacques Bureau and certain other colleagues who were 'sympathetic' in their attitude toward the smuggling conspiracy."

In the spring of 1925 parliament voted $350,000 for additional preventive officers. The customs department turned it into a farce. Among the few new officers hired was a ninety-two-year-old ward heeler. A dead man's name was also rumoured to be on the list. The Customs Act was amended to provide for jail sentences in addition to fines, but the justice department launched no major prosecutions under the revised legislation. RCMP reports on known smugglers gathered dust in the department.

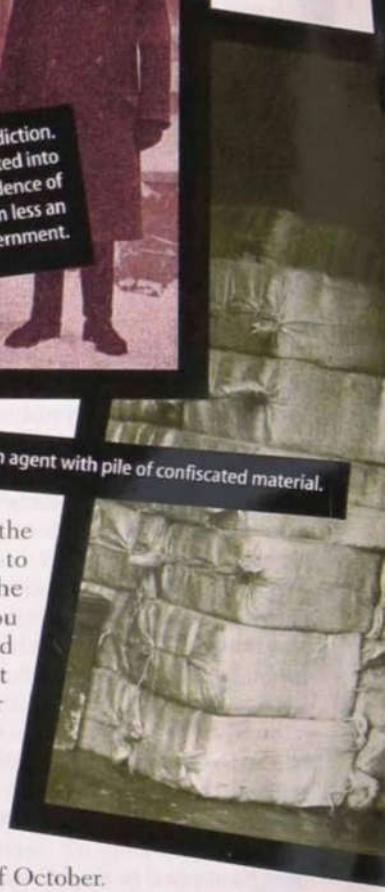
Nor were the Mounties given the resources to be truly effective. In Vancouver in April 1925, some opium smugglers escaped because RCMP officers had no car and were forced to take a streetcar to carry out their sting operation. The justice department did not, apparently, give high priority to the antismuggling work of the mounted police.

Nevertheless, Justice Minister Lapointe was regarded as personally incorruptible. According to a *Maclean's* reporter, when a pair of convicted bootleggers from Rock Island, Quebec, made the mistake of asking Lapointe to mitigate their sentences, he responded, "Gentlemen, you took a gambling chance and you lost. You cannot expect any sympathy from me or from my department. I advise you to take your medicine."

By August 1925 the government was entering its fifth year. King decided to call an election for the end of October.



J.A.E. Bisaillon (left) was chief customs officer for the port of Montreal, but he was complicit in the smuggling operations in his jurisdiction. Though he was charged with conspiracy after a 1924 bootlegging episode and admitted he had deposited duties he had collected into his own bank account, he was acquitted and retained his position in the customs department. During the 1926 Stevens Inquiry, evidence of his wrongdoing accumulated, but Walter Duncan (right), the prime investigator into the customs scandal, declared him less an arch-criminal than a tool of his superiors, notably the Hon. Jacques Bureau, minister of customs and excise in the Liberal government.



Prohibition agent with pile of confiscated material.

The timing, as he acknowledged in his diary, had more than a little to do with Bureau. Hoping to have the election over before a customs scandal involving his government broke, the wily King nonetheless protected himself with a burst of belated activity against the smugglers. Lapointe was instructed to start enforcing Canada's antismuggling treaties with the United States, and the RCMP was taken off its leash.

Henry Herbert Stevens (centre) was Conservative MP for Vancouver, first elected to parliament in 1911. As the Liberals clung to power with the support of the Progressive Party after the disastrous 1925 election, Stevens shocked parliament with the evidence he had gathered of the extent of corruption in the customs department. The Liberals were forced to agree to a public inquiry, which became known as the Stevens Inquiry, and Canadians were treated to an orgy of sensational reporting on crime, intrigue, and official complaisance. Though the Liberals survived a motion of censure, Mackenzie King decided his only recourse was to call another election. The governor-general, however, disagreed, and asked Conservative leader Arthur Meighen to form a government. In Meighen's brief 1926 government, Stevens was minister of customs and excise.

DOSSIN GREAT LAKES MUSEUM, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

King now earnestly wished to be rid of Bureau. Calling the customs department "a sink of iniquity," King told his men at a tense meeting September 1 that the department needed a housecleaning and Bureau was not the one to do it. Lapointe held out doggedly for keeping Bureau in cabinet. No doubt he reminded the prime minister of the 1919 Liberal leadership convention where he and Bureau had effectively secured King's election by organizing the Quebec delegates as a single voting bloc. Later in the evening Cardin arrived and clinched the argument. Informing his colleagues that he had left Bureau in a state of intoxication, he agreed with the prime minister that poor Jacques was too far gone to be kept in his ministry any longer. Reluctantly, Lapointe gave in: Jacques would retire from customs and go to the Senate. King wanted to drop him completely but Lapointe and Cardin would not hear of it. Bureau's replacement was Georges-Henri Boivin, a forty-two-year-old MP from the Eastern Townships. Boivin was highly regarded by both parties; in fact, Conservative Party leader Arthur Meighen had tried to enlist him as his Quebec lieutenant.

Maladministration in the customs department was not an issue in the October 1925 election, but the results were as bad as King had feared. The Conservatives elected 116 members to the Liberals' 101. King lost his seat as did eight of his ministers. The one ray of hope for the Liberals was that the Conservatives were seven seats short of a majority. The Progressive Party of western farmers would hold the balance of power.

Despite the disastrous results, King refused to turn the government over to his detested political rival, Arthur Meighen. On November 4 he informed the governor general that he would stay on and let parliament decide the government's fate. He decided not to wait until he got a seat but to convene parliament as early as possible, then – if the government could get a vote of confidence – to adjourn so that he could repair his devastated cabinet. For weeks, under Lapointe's skillful management, the Liberals held on to power, fighting off the Tories' repeated nonconfidence motions. On February 2, Lapointe moved that the House adjourn until the middle of March once the debate on the Throne Speech was over. As the Conservatives railed on throughout the evening, Lapointe sat motionless as an owl, staring at the House through his thick round lenses.

At midnight, H.H. Stevens, the Conservative member for Vancouver Centre, awakened the dozing members with a thunderbolt. Stevens had been gathering evidence of corruption in the customs department for months and had no intention of allowing the Liberals to have a long adjournment until he was assured of a full parliamentary investigation. He related a tale of heinous misdeeds committed by the customs department. Stevens claimed that when Bureau left office, he removed nine filing cabinets of potentially damning evidence, which he destroyed at his home in Trois-Rivières. He dwelt upon Bureau promoting the crooked Bisaillon to take charge of customs in Montreal in full knowledge of his key role in the smuggling ring. Stevens estimated that goods smuggled in without duty had defrauded the treasury of as much as $200 million. He accused the prime minister and his Quebec ministers of knowing for at least a year that "the grossest violations of the customs laws were being perpetrated in this country." Speaking with the authority of a fifteen-year

Over three months, the testimony of several hundred witnesses provided a steady diet ...
"of enough crime, underworld intrigue, official faithlessness and general wickedness to fill three magazines ...."

veteran of the House, he continued: "I want to say here ... that there is the most flagrant, organized, persistent, wholesale smuggling in the border towns along the province of Quebec and the American boundary, and again I say, so that the members from Quebec will not think I am picking on their province, that the same thing, perhaps in a lesser degree, exists along the boundary in other places. But here ... we have it erected into a legalized traffic, a regular occupation, or vocation, and with the individuals practising it known to the government."

Stevens charged that the Department of Justice was concealing papers he had requested concerning certain cases. At this Lapointe rose to object: "I inquired from the officers of the Department of Justice and they say there is nothing in the department concerning those cases." Stevens was unimpressed: "The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have investigated some of these things; they have reported, and the reports are in his department. I do not know whether he has seen them or not, but they are there. In that case, one of two things is true; either the minister has deliberately neglected his duties, or he is too innocent to occupy the exalted position of Minister of Justice."

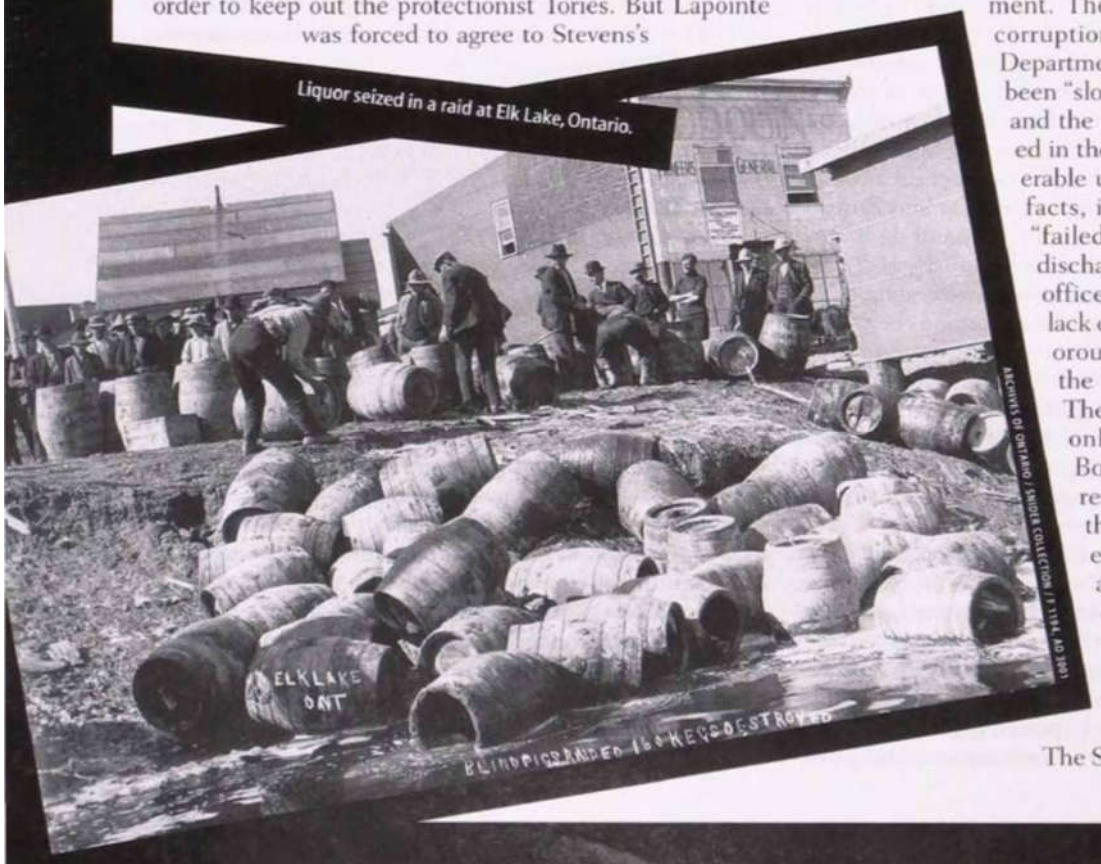
At four in the morning the members straggled out.

The next day the puritanical Progressives had to swallow their disgust and vote with the tainted government in order to keep out the protectionist Tories. But Lapointe was forced to agree to Stevens's demand for a parliamentary committee to investigate the smuggling in the Montreal area.

The Special Parliamentary Committee Investigating the Administration of the Department of Customs and Excise – otherwise known as the Stevens Inquiry – began sitting on February 5, 1926. It was composed of four Liberals, four Conservatives, and one Progressive. The Conservative quartet included R.B. Bennett, the millionaire lawyer from Calgary who was being touted as a successor to Meighen. (A reporter commented that Bennett assumed a judicious impartiality throughout the sessions, making more rulings than the chairman.) Over three months, the testimony of several hundred witnesses provided a steady diet, to quote *Maclean's*, "of enough crime, underworld intrigue, official faithlessness and general wickedness to fill three magazines of the kind we are trying to bar out of this country." Canadians were treated to an orgy of sensational reporting in the mainstream journals. Evidence of Bisaillon's wrongdoing piled up. However, Inspector Duncan, the prime investigator throughout the customs scandal, downgraded him from an arch-criminal to a tool of his superiors. Though Bisaillon, for example, had appropriated a seized car, he had done so, according to Duncan, with the knowledge and condonation of the Hon. Jacques Bureau.

On June 18, 1926, the committee reported to parliament. The report verified widespread corruption and concluded that the Department of Customs and Excise had been "slowly degenerating in efficiency and the process was greatly accelerated in the last few years." With considerable understatement in light of the facts, it found that Jacques Bureau "failed to appreciate and properly discharge the responsibilities of his office, and as a result there was a lack of efficient continuous and vigorous control of subordinates by the headquarters staff at Ottawa." The committee report tarred not only Bureau but also Georges Boivin, the new minister. It revealed that Boivin had stayed the imprisonment of a convicted smuggler named Moses Aziz at the request of a Liberal candidate in New Brunswick who wanted the smuggler's help in the 1926 election. The committee report stopped just short of censuring Boivin.

The Stevens Inquiry's recommenda-



Liquor seized in a raid at Elk Lake, Ontario.

tions slashed through the ranks of government, officialdom, and business. The report called for the dismissal of high-placed officers in the customs department, including the "retirement" of Farrow, the deputy minister. Proposing the complete reorganization of the customs preventive service, the report strongly recommended employing the RCMP for patrol work on the Quebec border with the full powers of customs officers. Moreover, the minister should no longer be able to interfere in administrative decisions. Another recommendation was to turn over Bisaillon's self-incriminating evidence regarding his bank account to the Quebec attorney general. The committee urged the government to proceed against the twenty-five firms named in the report for unpaid duty and sales tax, and to order an audit of all distilleries. The final recommendation was to amend the law to prohibit clearances to vessels laden with liquor for the United States, which the American government had been requesting ever since Prohibition.

As damning as the report was, it still left the Liberals in place. At the first opportunity, H.H. Stevens moved for a vote of censure on the government in general and on Boivin in particular for "unjustifiable" conduct in the Aziz case. If passed it would bring down the government. It was Labour MP J.S. Woodsworth who came to King's rescue. Fearing that all his own hard-bargained-for social legislation would go into oblivion with the Liberals if there was an election (the Senate had just rejected the Old Age Pensions Bill and the Commons would have to send it up again), he proposed a judicial inquiry into the customs affair. This would effectively avert the motion of censure. An indignant Progressive member jumped up and accused Woods worth of trying to "whitewash the whole filthy proceedings." For the highly moral Woodsworth, who even looked like a saint with his narrow bearded face, this was as agonizing as lying on a bed of nails – particularly as the charge was true. To salve his conscience he lashed out at the government for appointing Bureau to the Senate. Woodsworth's motion was defeated by two votes. After four days and nights debating the customs report, King got a momentary reprieve in the form of a weekend adjournment.

King's only salvation now seemed to be dissolution and an election. Not only would this head off the inevitable vote of censure, but the Liberals would go into the election with all the advantages of the government party, notably the dispensing of patronage.

King spent the weekend pleading with the governor general to dissolve parliament, but Lord Byng adamantly refused. Instead he called on Meighen to form a government. The aristocratic wartime general was going by the rules of the playing fields of Eton rather than modern constitutional theory, which required the British monarch's representative to follow the advice of his prime minister. As Byng saw it, it was Meighen's innings.

Meighen accepted the premiership with alacrity, but soon learned that he could not count on the Progressives and would have to go to the country for his mandate. Nevertheless, the Conservatives took advantage of their short-lived ministry to call a vote on Stevens's motion of censure. Most of the Progressives voted for it and the motion was passed – the King government stood convicted of abetting smuggling, and Boivin with interfering in the administration of justice. Though Byng had refused King a dissolution, when Meighen asked for one the governor general granted it. This was the nub of the famous King-Byng constitutional crisis. The governor general gave King his election issue, allowing him to divert attention from the customs scandal.

To the end of the campaign, Meighen believed that an unsophisticated electorate would be horrified over the customs scandal, and he had scoffed at King's esoteric constitutional issue. The election result seemed to Meighen to fly in the face of logic. Not only did King win, but he won with a majority. The voters had shown a surprising indifference to the customs scandal. If anything, the scandal worked against the Tories. During the campaign Boivin died suddenly from a ruptured appendix, and public opinion blamed Stevens for "hounding" him to death.

The rest was anticlimactic. To show that the government intended to clean up the mess in the customs department, King set up a royal commission to investigate smuggling from coast to coast, and appointed a noted prohibitionist, N.W. Rowell, as commission counsel. The commission found smuggling as widespread in Vancouver as in Montreal. Rowell saw to it that distilleries and breweries that had made fortunes illicitly were sued for tax evasion or had their licences revoked. In 1928 the commission's report was tabled in the House. One of its main recommendations was that the government prohibit clearances to vessels carrying liquor to the United States. King did not act on this recommendation immediately. His inaction may have had something to do with the enormous revenue flowing into the dominion's coffers from the vast increase in American demand for Canadian spirits. Thanks to thirsty America, excise and customs duties had increased to almost $60 million in 1929 from $10 million in 1919. Over the same decade, provincial revenues from sales taxes on liquor and beer and licensing fees had risen to $33 million from $6 million. Smuggling was not all loss for Canada. Stevens does not appear to have taken into consideration the profits that arose from Prohibition.

In 1930, King finally brought down legislation prohibiting clearances to vessels carrying liquor to the U.S. With America turning protectionist, he felt it was no time to aggravate Canada's powerful neighbour and largest customer.

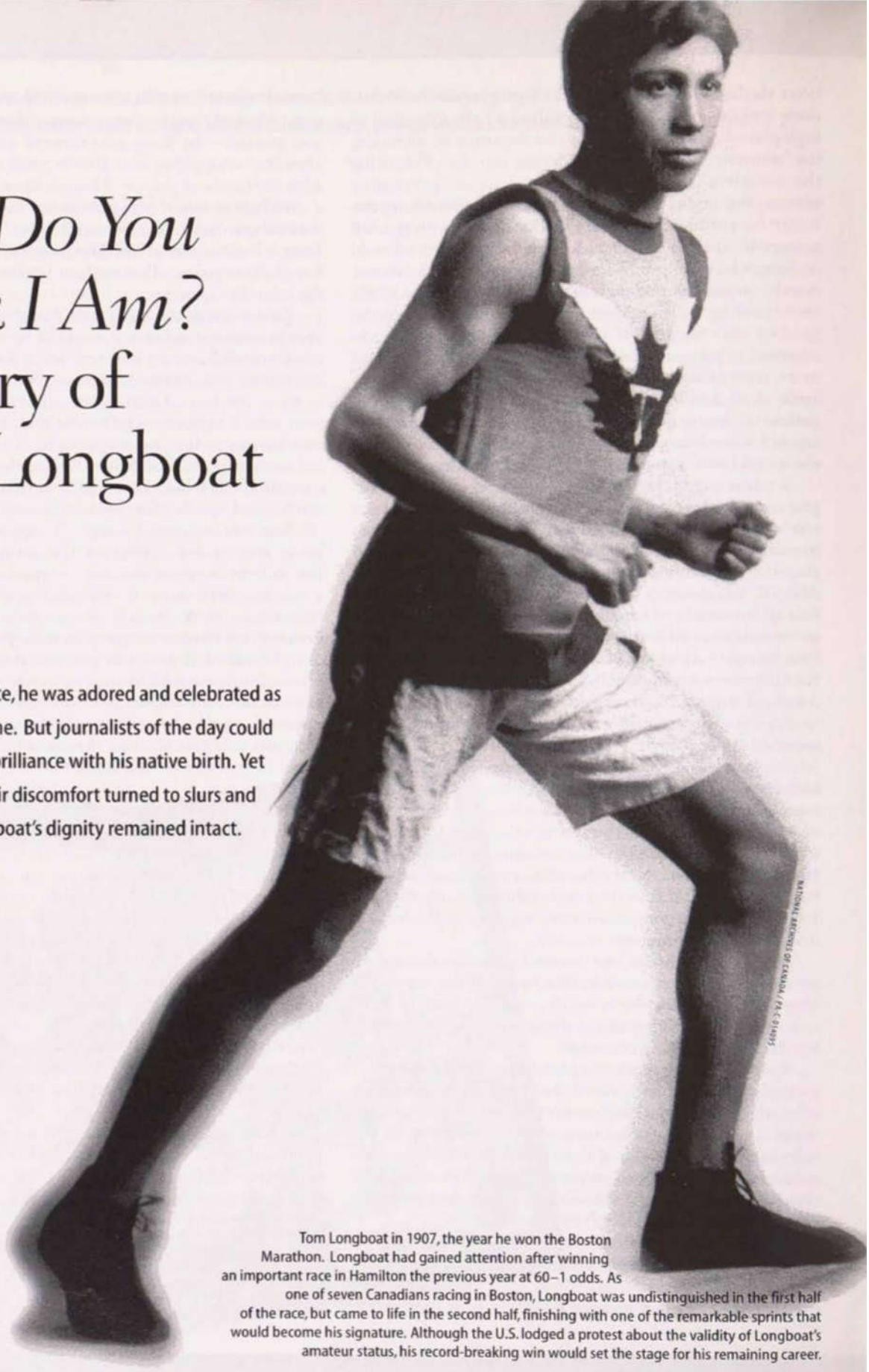
When Roosevelt was elected president in 1932, he endorsed repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and U.S. prohibition ended on December 5, 1933. Smuggled Canadian spirits and American speakeasies disappeared along with the Roaring Twenties.

Lita-Rose Betcherman is a Toronto writer. Her book *Ernest Lapointe: Mackenzie King's Great Quebec Lieutenant* is scheduled for publication by University of Toronto Press this fall.

by Peter Unwin

Who Do You Think I Am? A Story of Tom Longboat

A legendary athlete, he was adored and celebrated as the finest runner of his time. But journalists of the day could never reconcile such brilliance with his native birth. Yet even when their discomfort turned to slurs and condescension, Tom Longboat's dignity remained intact.



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Tom Longboat in 1907, the year he won the Boston Marathon. Longboat had gained attention after winning an important race in Hamilton the previous year at 60–1 odds. As one of seven Canadians racing in Boston, Longboat was undistinguished in the first half of the race, but came to life in the second half, finishing with one of the remarkable sprints that would become his signature. Although the U.S. lodged a protest about the validity of Longboat's amateur status, his record-breaking win would set the stage for his remaining career.

The story is told that somewhere in France during the Great War, a British general, being led to the front by a dispatch runner, grew irritated with the pace set by the man and ordered him to slow down. "For God's sakes," he complained. "Who do you think I am? Tom Longboat?" The dispatch runner, a tall man in his late twenties, slowed and answered, "No sir. That's me."

The story, apocryphal or not, hints at the fame of a young Onondagan from southern Ontario who, briefly, was one of the most celebrated men alive. Over the course of his career, millions of people assembled to watch him. When his glory faded he became what the newspapers called "the original dummy ... a lazy ... stall fed ... Injun," a "stubborn," once-talented "Redskin" who, or so the papers would have it, ended his days penniless and probably alcoholic.

Thomas Charles Longboat was born on the Six Nations Reserve, outside of Caledonia, Ontario, on June 4, 1886. The second of three children, he was five when his father died. His mother, according to the Toronto *Telegram*, possessed "Indian hair ... small shrewd eyes ... Hers is an Indian face," concluded the reporter, adding, with surprise, that her granddaughter was playing with a "rag dolly, just like her white sisters."

Born a member of the Wolf clan and raised in the Longhouse religion, the infant Tom Longboat was christened *Cogwagee*. In English the name translates as "everything" and hints at the difficulties reporters would face in their efforts to define and write his story. As a boy he was required to attend the Mohawk Institute, an Anglican residential school, but escaped, significantly, by running away. By twelve he was a farm labourer. It is said he developed his "running legs" while chasing cows in the fields and that he once ran sixty-five kilometres from Hamilton to Brantford, arriving home before his mother, who had left hours earlier – in a wagon. At nineteen he ran the annual Victoria Day race at Caledonia and placed second, catching the eye of Mohawk runner Bill Davis. Davis had placed second in the 1901 Boston Marathon behind fellow Canadian Jack Caffery – a race joined, for several kilometres, by a spooked horse.

In 1906 he entered the Hamilton *Herald* race where, in a field of forty, including tested professionals, odds against him went as high as a hundred to one. During the race, he took a wrong turn and ran seventy metres before someone corrected him. He won by nearly four minutes. At first, race officials believed their watches had malfunctioned. According to the *Herald*, twenty-year-old Tom Longboat left his nearest competitor "as if he had been standing still."

In running, this young Onondagan was engaging in a significant, if loosely understood, aspect of early native civilization. Running is said to bring myths to life, to create a link between runners and the universe. It is useful in times of war. When Cortez touched shore in 1519, within twenty-four hours runners had provided descriptions of his ships, men, and weapons to Montezuma, five hundred kilometres away. Runners of messages in the Iroquois Confederacy (Longboat was in this tradition) carried news from the Atlantic seaboard to the Niagara frontier, running day and night, and navigating by stars. Louis Tewanima, a Hopi rival of Longboat – who at the age of eighty walked thirty kilometres a day herding sheep, and at ninety died by falling off a mountain – was said to have routinely run two hundred kilometres barefoot, "just to watch the trains pass." Some anthropologists suggest the strength invested in a certain Mesquakie ceremonial runner included not only "the holy power of speed," but the power to be invisible. There are reports of a native runner from southern California who left Cottonwood Island in Nevada at sunrise and arrived at Fort Yuma at the same moment he left.

It was out of this mysterious tradition that Tom Longboat emerged. With several more races under his belt, the twenty-year-old was ready to compete against the best marathoners in North America. In 1907, in one of the most celebrated sports events of all time, Tom Longboat, under the banner of the West Toronto YMCA, entered the Boston Marathon. Somehow, remarkably, his fame as a runner had spread through the intense world of long-distance running – a sport hotly followed, and sometimes dominated, by North American natives. On the basis of his stunning finishes in his Ontario races, he had become an overnight legend. Newspapers were suddenly calling him "the greatest distance runner the world has ever seen." He was made odds-on favourite to win. When Longboat shunned prerace interviews, local writers fabricated them and rushed them into print. Unable to get a photograph, they substituted a picture of a native football player and printed that instead.

Tom Longboat returned to Toronto and to a triumph that is difficult to imagine. Two hundred thousand people lined the streets. Bands played. Reportedly, "young women gazed at [him] in rapture."

On April 19, 1907, a hundred thousand people lined up to watch the eighth running of the Boston Marathon. The route spanned forty-two kilometres, the course was hilly, and the temperatures cool. At the sound of a pistol shot, 124 runners surged forward. At a street crossing several kilometres in, a freight train intersected the race. Ten runners, including Longboat, made it through; the rest were forced to wait more than a minute while the train cleared. Out in the hills of Boston where the race would end, a snow squall

Longboat's style was rooted in the tradition of Iroquois messengers, who would run for days, covering hundreds of kilometres. A natural athlete as a child, Tom first sprinted away from the Anglican residential school he had been sent to in Brantford, Ontario; he discovered competitive running as a teenager, taking part in field day events throughout southern Ontario.

struck. Having run over forty gruelling kilometres, Longboat sprinted the final 1.6 kilometres uphill, into slanting snow, in an astonishing four minutes, forty-six seconds, smashing the course record set by Canadian Jack Cafferty by a full five minutes. His nearest competitor lagged more than a kilometre behind. It is said Longboat had picked up his trophy and was eating dinner as fellow racers crossed the line. A Boston headline stated: "Hills Held No Terror For Redskin."

Tom Longboat returned to Toronto and to a triumph that is difficult to imagine. Two hundred thousand people lined the streets. Bands played. Reportedly, "young women gazed at [him] in rapture." Longboat, with a Union Jack draped around his shoulders, was placed in an open car and driven through the city at the head of a torch-light parade. People lit brooms on fire and waved them through the air. Streetcar drivers, unable to move, handed out unpunched transfers, having no idea when the streets might clear. Longboat, appearing uncomfortable beneath the crush of adoration, was given a gold medal and the keys to the city. "The British Empire is proud of you," boomed the mayor, and announced a $500 gift to go to the runner's education.

Even in the most celebrated moment of Tom Longboat's career, newspaper writers could not conceal their discomfort with him. To the racial assumptions they had grown up with, Longboat posed a perplexing challenge. A member of an often-named "pathetic" and supposedly vanishing race, a poorly educated "Injun," he was also tall, handsome, and now very famous. "It is hoped that Longboat's success will not develop obstinacy on his part," cautioned the Toronto *Star*, "and that he will continue to be manageable."

Longboat (above, second from right) with fellow members of the Irish Canadian Athletic Club, which he joined soon after his Boston victory in 1907. Here he came under the management of Tom Flanagan. The flamboyant Irishman would oversee Longboat's Olympic marathon attempt in London, which ended in a shocking defeat amid rumours the trainer had deliberately drugged his star runner. Despite their tempestuous relationship, Flanagan would oversee Longboat's transition to professional athlete before selling the runner's contract in 1909.

"Obstinate" and "unmanageable" are the twin themes in an almost daily narrative that depicts Longboat as an animal in need of breaking. In print he became a "lanky, raw-boned, headstrong Redskin" who did not run, but "galloped." Faced with a compliment, he "would smile as wide as a hippo and gurgle his thanks." Sports writer Lou Marsh described the young Onondagan "smiling like a coon in a watermelon patch." Marsh, a popular Toronto *Star* sports columnist who carried on a bizarre campaign against Longboat, confidently described him as "the original dummy. ... Wily ... unreliable ... as hard to train as a leopard."

The cultural difficulty writers faced in trying to pinpoint the man is suggested even in the quantity of nicknames they stuck on him. He was tagged the Bronze Cyclone, the Bronze Wonder, the Racing Redskin, the Wonderful Redskin, Tireless Tom, Big Chief, Heap Big Chief, the Great Indian, even the Irish Indian and, later – not yet out of his thirties – Old Tom. This confusion of titles did not so much describe a man named Tom Longboat, but the gropings of newspapermen to integrate a world-famous Canadian Indian into the racial hierarchies of the time.

A cruel but revealing comment came from a Toronto *Star* writer who, after Longboat's triumph at Boston, wrote "His trainers are to be congratulated ... for having such a docile pupil."

If Longboat was to gain the respect of the media, it would not be by proving himself the greatest runner in the world, which he would soon do, but by becoming "docile" and "manageable." This would prove more difficult.

On the heels of his Boston victory, Tom Longboat was evicted from his YMCA lodgings for reasons described alternately as "breaking curfew," smoking, drinking a bottle of beer, or being in the company of women. His management was taken over by Tom Flanagan, director of the Irish Canadian Athletic Club and a flamboyant Toronto sports promoter. Longboat had initiated contact with a brief note to the man. The letter, all fourteen words, typifies the reserve that reporters found so maddening in him: "Dear Sir – I want to join the Irish Canadian Club. Enclosed find a dollar."

Perhaps no one personified the seedy, freewheeling world of sports promotion as did Longboat's new manager. Described in print as "a nattily dressed blade of twenty-eight," Flanagan made this comment about the British marathoner Alfred Shrubb: "First of all I apologize to Alfred Shrubb for hitting him. I'm not a blackguard." He once raced Longboat twenty kilometres against a horse. Longboat won – after Flanagan positioned himself in front of a bridge and insisted to a police constable that he enforce the posted bylaw: RIDERS WALK YOUR HORSE. The subterfuge proved unnecessary. The horse eventually collapsed.

Flanagan's first concern was preserving Longboat's amateur status so that he might run in the 1908 Olympics. This he did by setting up Tom Longboat with a job in a cigar store – Longboat's Athletic Cigar Store. Confined indoors to a stool behind a counter, the young Onondagan did not thrive. The rumour was that he smoked too many of the cigars himself. Despite controversy, the ruling sports bodies of the day allowed Longboat to compete in the 1908 Olympic Marathon, held in London, England.

The race, today, is remembered for two reasons: Dorando Pietri's excruciating effort in which he collapsed forty-five metres from the finish line and was escorted the rest of the way by well-meaning officials – only to be disqualified because of it (which resulted in perhaps the most reproduced sports photograph ever taken); and Tom Longboat's failure to finish. He either stopped running or collapsed at the thirtieth kilometre, in second place, and was taken out of the stadium on a stretcher. The race was tainted by the belief that Longboat had been doped; that Flanagan had drugged his own runner to ensure his failure and collect $100,000 in wagers. (Longboat was heavily favoured.) Others put his failure down to the heat, which on that day was record-breaking.

The race did not sit well with marathon fanatics on either side of the Atlantic. According to team manager J. Howard Crocker, "Longboat should have won the race. His sudden collapse and the symptoms shown to me indicate that some form of stimulant was used contrary to the rules of the game. Any medical man knowing the facts of the case will assure you that the presence of a drug in an overdose was the cause of the runner's failure."

In a bizarre twist, it has been suggested that sports writer Lou Marsh, who followed Longboat on a bicycle, may

Tom Longboat, age twenty-three, now at the apex of his marathon career, had defeated every great runner in the world at least once.

himself have been the person who administered the drugs. The Hamilton *Spectator* dismissed the whole affair: "Longboat ran a good race [but] could not stand the glare and heat. There was nothing to it."

Longboat returned to Canada, announced his retirement, changed his mind, set a new Canadian five-mile record, won his third straight Toronto Ward Marathon, and then turned professional. Dissatisfied with Flanagan as a manager, he considered handing his management over to a Mohawk friend from Desoranto, Ontario. Sports writers were furious. They quoted Flanagan to the effect that would-be promoters of Longboat "had sufficiently degraded the Indian by pandering to his weaknesses." A local reverend, John Morrow, waded in: "[B]ecause the physical and mental make-up of the Indian is so foreign to any other athlete's, and his disposition so hard at times to understand ... I can safely say that no other man ... could have managed Tom Longboat but Flanagan."

Flanagan and his client patched up their differences and on November 11, 1908 – in his first race as a professional – Longboat defeated a three-man relay team over eight kilometres. A month later he raced Dorando Pietri at Madison Square Garden. Crowds were so thick that Pinkertons was called in to reinforce police. Inside, the Garden's arena was a dense pall of tobacco smoke. Through this barrier the two men would be expected to run forty-two kilometres – two hundred and sixty laps. Neck and neck for the entire race, Longboat, in a characteristic burst, pulled ahead. Dorando, straining to close the gap, collapsed and was carried unconscious off the track.

Two weeks later Longboat married a Mohawk woman, Lauretta Maracle. The *Globe* wrote, approvingly, that the new bride "does not like to talk of feathers, war paint or other Indian paraphernalia. ... If anyone can make a reliable man ... of that elusive human being, it will be his wife." Since her Mohawk name translated in English as "The Leader," cutline writers could safely state: "Mrs. Longboat will therefore be the Leader of Everything." Nothing could shake their notion that Tom Longboat needed to be led. A photo shows the newlyweds posed with a noticeable and telling distance between them.

Five days after the wedding, Longboat raced Pietri for a third time. In front of eleven thousand people indoors at Buffalo, the two runners clocked a time of two hours, twenty-six minutes, over the first twenty-four kilometres. Even Lou Marsh admitted a time like that "is not an exhibition by an extra lively tortoise. It is drilling from the drop of the hat." Sniffing repeatedly from "a little brown dope bottle," Dorando veered off the course at thirty kilometres and collapsed into the arms of his brother. Longboat, bleeding at the knees, walked and staggered the remaining distance.

At the end of January, still complaining of Longboat's unmanageability, Flanagan sold his contract to a New York sports promoter for $2,000. "He sold me just like a racehorse to make money," Longboat told his wife. Flanagan had been best man at their wedding.

In February he raced Alfred Shrubb, the world's ranking professional. When Shrubb took a ten-lap lead, the Madison Square Garden crowd booed Longboat. Then he began his comeback, lapping the Englishman again and again over the last ten kilometres. Tom Longboat, age twenty-three, now at the apex of his marathon career, had defeated every great runner in the world at least once.

He did not know it, but the most brilliant years of his marathon career had ended. The near mania for distance running was already waning. Nonetheless, in Edinburgh in 1912 he set a new world's professional fifteen-mile record of one hour and twenty minutes. Volunteering for the army in 1916, he served nearly four years with the Thirty-Seventh Haldiman Battalion. His enlistment papers describe his "trade or calling" as "professional runner." In a delicious understatement, his certificate of medical examination declares him to have "the free use of his joints and limbs." During his time in France he saw the horrors that took place on Vimy Ridge and at Passchendaele. He was even pronounced dead – a ghostly echo of the uncertainty that clouds the public record of him.

Discharged in 1919, he returned to Caledonia to discover that his wife, after reports of his death, had married another man and taken the furniture. Eventually he married an Onondagan, Martha Silversmith, and had four children with her. In the words of a *Maclean's* article, written eight years after his death, "he took another squaw."

The early 1920s were difficult years for Longboat. Out of racing, he moved west to collect on a land grant for his war service. Near Edmonton he tried various jobs. Apparently he pawned his racing medals, a sad echo of the American native runner, Ellison "Tarzan" Brown, who sold his medals to buy groceries and was struck dead by a car following an argument in a tavern. An Edmonton lawyer kept Longboat's medals, hoping someone would reclaim them. In the end they were melted down for the gold.

In 1922 he returned to Toronto. According to one account, he was met at the station by his former manager, Tom Flanagan, who bought him a corned beef sandwich. That same year he was riding the Queen Street streetcar to south Riverdale where he earned three dollars a day as an employee of the Dunlop Rubber Company. About that time Lou Marsh wrote, "He started out on corn pone, worked up to caviar and now is tickled to get corn beef." In 1924, Longboat asked the Amateur Athletic Union to reinstate him as an amateur. Nothing came of his request.

He had found a job, however, which he worked at faithfully for nineteen years. As an employee of the street-cleaning department of the City of Toronto, he drove horses, swept leaves, and collected garbage. It is in this detail that journalists found their greatest satisfaction: "A rubbish man!" they crowed, "a particularly nice rubbish man ... an Indian rubbish man." "He worked his way to the bottom," wrote Fergus Cronin in a 1957 *Maclean's* article – a low point in Canadian journalism. When Grolier's published its 1957 *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, the brief entry on Longboat would be

drawn entirely from this gloating and contemptuous article.

In 1930, Longboat, now a forty-five-year-old family man, was again in the news. A November issue of the Toronto *Mail and Empire* announced that an enemy of the Six Nations had directed "bad medicine" at Longboat and was killing him. Of all the mountains of newsprint written about the man, this piece stands alone for the unexpected respect it shows toward Longboat and traditional native beliefs. In the interview, Longboat talks freely about native medicine: "The medicine men can do strange things. If a dog comes into their room they can make themselves into that dog. Or they can be in the bear and then be men again. You can see it on the reserve. They can do anything. ... People laugh about that wisdom and learning, but they do not realize that they do not know everything."

This is one of the only indications in print that Longboat was capable of anything but "guttural grunts." The piece also provides an intimate picture of the Longboat household. His wife, the "squaw" of Cronin's article, here is a "slim woman ... soft-spoken and courteous." Even his four children warrant names. Apparently the medicine men were capable of helping Longboat, for his malady disappeared.

In 1932 occurred the most tragic moment in his life. Attending the Canadian National Exhibition with his family, Longboat stopped to give an interview with radio personality Jane Grey, voice of Princess Mus-Kee-Kee. She asked him if he would like to say hello to anyone. "He told me he would like to speak to his daughter. ... Apparently some playmates heard me say this and rushed to call his daughter to the radio. She raced across the path of a car and was instantly killed. ... I think she was about eight years old."

Even here, in this moment of anguish, the story strays, and the facts become perversely mangled. He *did* lose a child; it *did* happen following a radio interview at the CNE; that child *was* struck dead by a car. But the child was a son. His name was Clifford. He was five years old. For the rest of her

WORLD'S CHAMPION RUNNER TAKES A BRIDE.

The marriage is announced to take place this week of Tom Longboat, who very recently repeated his triumphs as a runner by defeating Dorando at New York. This is a picture of the groom and his Mohawk bride, whose Indian name is Ka-han-de-son (meaning The Leader). Tom's Indian name is Cag-wa-gee, which is "everything" in English. Mrs. Longboat will, therefore, be "the leader of everything."

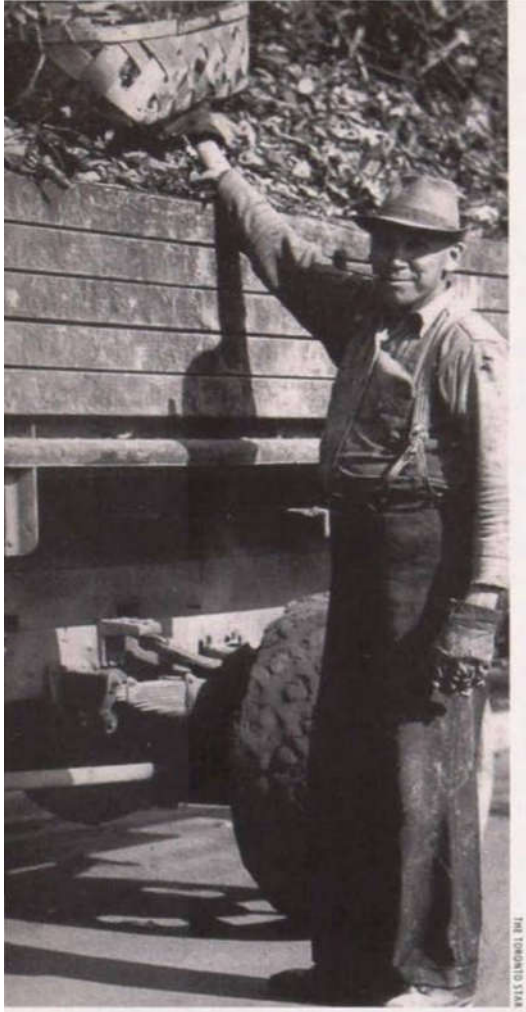
—Photo by Pringle & Booth.

CANADA'S SPORTS HALL OF FAME

Newspaper clipping (below, left) announcing Longboat's December 28, 1908 marriage to Lauretta Maracle. The press approved of the first Mrs. Longboat as a civilizing influence. The union would end when she remarried following reports of Longboat's wartime death.

In 1916, Tom Longboat enlisted for the First World War (below, right), one of the nearly 300 Six Nations soldiers to do so. He regularly competed in races with other Allied runners.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-001479



THE TORONTO STAR

Tom Longboat as an employee of the City of Toronto streets department. The job, which came at a time when jobs were scarce, allowed the retired athlete to work in the open air and earn a comfortable living for his family. He remained in it for nineteen years despite the disdain of the sports establishment.

For further reading:

Tom Longboat, by Bruce Kidd, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Don Mills, 1980.

Boston: The Canadian Story, by David Blaikie, Seneca House Books, Ottawa, 1984. Internet edition. *Ultramarathon World*, 1999: <http://fox.nstn.ca/~dblaikie/boston/baa-covr.html>

life, Martha Longboat kept the CNE pennant she'd bought that day, passing it on to a son prior to her death. The *Maclean's* article, which remained the definitive piece on Longboat for thirty-five years, omits this tragedy, preferring to dwell on his presumed poverty.

With the arrival of World War II, "Garbageman Longboat" enlisted in the Home Guard. By the end of the war he had retired from his city job and was living on the Ohsweken reserve where he was born. There was yet one ghost for him to fight – a stranger who, for more than a decade, pretended to be Tom Longboat in order to cadge drinks in taverns. This episode has something haunting about it, as though the lazy, drunken "redskin" the newspapers worked so hard to create had risen from the pages to torment the living man. In 1948 Longboat supplied the Hamilton *Spectator* with a photograph of himself, in an effort to foil what he called that "cheap, two-bit imposter."

Back home, in failing health, he walked every market day eleven kilometres to Hagersville and then back. Many years later, a friend, Frank Montour, recalled those final walks of Tom Longboat. "He was best in the world," said Montour, "and an Indian besides."

Over the years the legend of Tom Longboat has been revised. In 1992 a small book written by former Olympic runner Bruce Kidd placed Longboat squarely within the cultural context of his times, and indicated what the man was up against. This book is now the standard source on Longboat in high-school and public libraries across Canada. Cronin's racist brooding has been confined to microfilm. Through Kidd's efforts, the $500 promised to Longboat by the mayor and never paid was finally collected. With interest it amounted to $10,000, issued in 1980 to Longboat's heirs. The new *Canadian Encyclopedia*'s entry on Longboat draws entirely from Kidd's book. Websites, school essays, histories of the Boston Marathon – all of these writings take as their starting point the racial assumptions that once defined the Longboat story.

Today he is presented not as "the original dummy" but as a superb athlete, an Onondagan Indian who strode

Websites, school essays, histories of the Boston Marathon–all of these writings take as their starting point the racial assumptions that once defined the Longboat story.

across the earth faster, further, and more gloriously than any man alive. He has been called Canada's first professional athlete. He was cheered by millions. His name was pronounced in schools, homes, and churches. He received fan mail from Clark Gable, shook hands with royalty, and had a cigar named after him. He served in two world wars for a country in which he was not even allowed to vote. He was pronounced dead. He set times that left professional timekeepers doubting their watches. He suffered the death of his own child. For twenty years he was mocked in print by a spiteful reporter, and when that reporter died, he said graciously "He was one of the finest men I ever met." He negotiated the minefield of the dominant culture and even used it to his advantage. He fled the infamy of the residential school system, and when at the height of his fame that school asked him back to give a speech, Longboat refused, saying privately, "I wouldn't even send my dog to that place." Eventually he took work as a garbage collector to support his family – *outdoor* work, work that allowed him to move his legs across the land. He drove a car through the height of the Depression, when many Canadians could not afford bus fare. Near the end, when reporters came running to photograph him in his overalls, collecting garbage, he told them, "I'm doing alright, just living along."

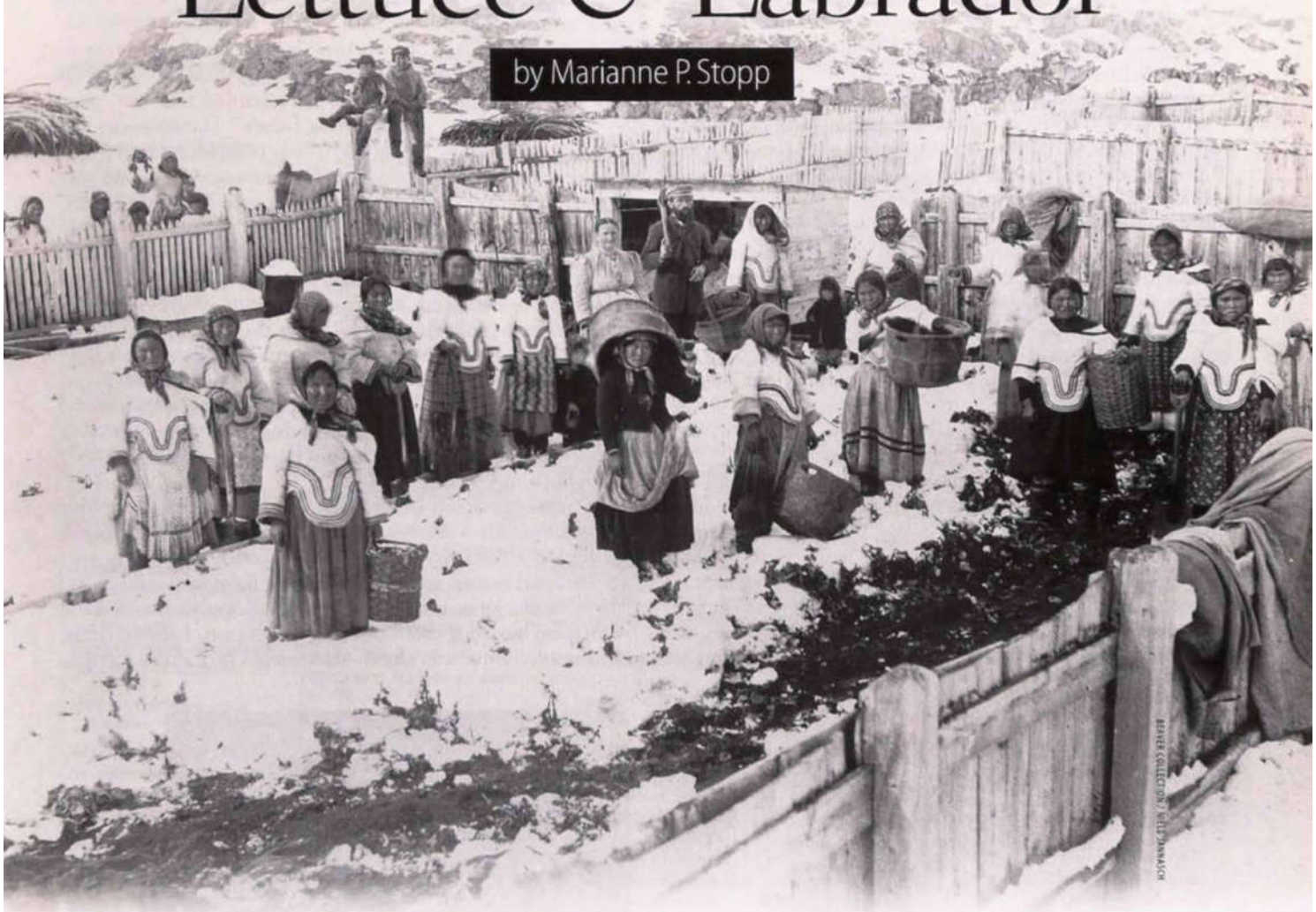
Tom Longboat died January 9, 1949, at the age of sixty-two. His burial ceremony was conducted in the Onondagan way, and a V-shaped notch was cut in the coffin lid, so that his spirit might race freely to the next world.

Peter Unwin is the author of *The Rock Farmers* and the novel *Nine Bells for a Man*, a true story about Canada's largest inland marine disaster. Several of his profiles have appeared previously in the *Beaver*. He is currently working on a book about Lake Superior.

The terrain is often forbidding and the climate harsh, but that hasn't discouraged some resourceful souls over the centuries from coaxing life out of Labrador's unyielding soil.

Lettuce & Labrador

by Marianne P. Stopp



Turnip harvest in the snow, Hebron, circa 1885. Having access to fresh food and reducing reliance on costly imported goods encouraged pioneers in Labrador to experiment with gardens.

The old garden drills are still visible alongside long-abandoned homesteads in southern Labrador. Now grown over by grasses, these rows of raised soil lie nestled in dips and on southern facing slopes, valuable microclimates in an ecosystem determined by the Labrador current. Late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century gardeners made good use of pockets of peat dotting an otherwise rocky coast, or they trekked inland to plant precious cabbages, potatoes, and turnips, where the coastal rock folds into peat bog and temperatures are somewhat higher. Their efforts came in the wake of even earlier gardeners who first tilled the soil and experimented with a variety of species in the late eighteenth and mid-nineteenth century.

My *Reader's Digest Illustrated Guide to Gardening in Canada* doesn't include Labrador in its climatic zone map of plant hardiness. If I extend imaginary zonal lines northeastward from Sept-Îles and Chibougamau, a Labrador garden would find itself in Zones 1 or 2, typically characterized by short growing seasons and cool temperatures. Yet as early as 1770 the industrious and adventurous English gentleman-merchant George Cartwright had two men at the head of Lodge Bay, near present-day Mary's Harbour, Labrador, "employed in bringing tree-roots out of the garden, and pil-

The season, as ever, was not without its challenges, for the autumn high tides "flowed over the greatest part of my little garden, and destroyed many fine cauliflowers and cabbages."

ing them up for fireing," in the time-honoured tradition of many a pioneer garden. Much further to the north, the Moravian missionaries at Nain also began gardens in the late eighteenth century, while the earliest record of gardening in interior Labrador comes from the Hudson's Bay Company men stationed at the head of Groswater Bay, along the Churchill River, in the 1840s.

My own garden in St. John's (Zone 5) developed during a time when I first came across archival records of these early Labrador horticulturists. Having spent several seasons in the 1980s and 1990s conducting archaeological surveys of southern Labrador, I could well imagine the patience and toil required to wring even a single row of radishes out of hard-won drills. Whereas I pondered symmetry, layout, borders, and peonies, the chief concerns of early Labrador gardeners were self-sufficiency from costly imported foods and access to fresh food, at least for part of the year. Nevertheless, their choices of plantings are at times intriguing and clearly made in the same spirit of exploration that brought them to these shores in the first place.

George Cartwright's journals of his sixteen years in Labrador (1770–1786) provide a unique record of early life. Cartwright was a keen observer of his new homeland and his diaries abound with descriptions of "my lov'd Labrador." Over the years he had at least five different residences between Cape Charles and Sandwich Bay and all had gardens. As part of his merchant endeavours, Cartwright traded with Inuit and Innu, and established a string of tilt runs (traplines) in the interior as well as sealing and salmon posts along the coast. He was an enthusiastic huntsman, and his diaries contain daily references to animals killed for both sport and subsistence.

Cartwright's first garden, at his residence Ranger Lodge in today's Lodge Bay, included a "lower garden" planted with peas, radishes, and turnips. In the autumn of 1772 his salmon storehouse, his workers' house, and his own residence burned to the ground in a conflagration of salmon oil and timber frames. A day later he recorded that the "peas were all nipped by the morning frosts." Hard times, but within a week a new house was nearly complete. During this period of residence Cartwright also maintained a potato garden on a nearby island – the only reference to growing potatoes anywhere in his diaries.

In June 1774 Cartwright moved closer to the outer coast, near present-day Cape Charles, where a garden was begun "near the house" and "the first gathering of green pease" took place in early August. His stay there was short-lived, and a year later he established himself in Sandwich Bay, planting the first garden at the mouth of the Paradise River. Between studding a house and setting salmon nets around the bay, he "had a spot of ground dug, sowed some radish and turnip seeds, and set some cabbage plants which I brought from Charles Harbour."

Cartwright lived in the Sandwich Bay region for the remainder of his years in Labrador, until 1786, with continued gardening efforts. In April 1776 he "sowed some mustard, cresses, and onions in a tub, and hung it up in the kitchen." Three weeks later, however, "the seeds I sowed in a box ... were dead by giving them two [*sic*] much heat, I sowed some radishes and mustards afresh." Cartwright dug a new garden,

FROM JOSEPH BANKS IN NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR 1766, HIS DIARY, MANUSCRIPTS AND COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, BERKELEY

George Cartwright (above, right) in southern Labrador in the 1770s. His hat, gloves, and breeches are English, but his waist sash, snowshoes, footwear, and painted jacket are Innu. On his back is a fox trap, with fox and hatchet slung over his shoulder.

which was surrounded by a fence, sowing radishes, onions, carrots, spinach, cresses, and "early Charlton-pease," as well as "some French beans, Indian corn, barley, oats, and some wheat of Quebec growth." He also "had some wheat, rye, barley and oats sown in different spots about Muddy Bay and Dykes River." In July 1777 Cartwright tried cucumbers for the first time: "pease are in bloom, and the cucumbers appear strong," but the season, as ever, was not without its challenges, for the autumn high tides "flowed over the greatest part of my little garden, and destroyed many fine cauliflowers and cabbages." His 1778 garden was surrounded by a wattle fence, and contained mustard, cresses, radish, onion, cabbage, and cauliflower, all mulched with kelp. The kelp, however, bred worms, which in turn devoured the seeds, forcing Cartwright to sow the seeds again. This time he also added cucumber seeds "under glasses." The kelp worms were a harbinger of worse things to come, for later that summer a New England privateer aided by some of Cartwright's own men plundered his possessions along the coast, kidnapped Inuit employees, and left Cartwright with few resources for the coming winter.

Cartwright's final garden in Isthmus Bay "produced excellent crops the first year, by being manured with seaweed and offals of fish; and also by mixing a portion of the barren sand that lay underneath, among the peat soil on the surface, it has ... brought everything to a degree of perfection, which had never been seen in that part of the world, in any former year." Here he planted several beds of the ubiquitous turnip and cabbage, lettuces, beets, red and white radishes, but also cucumbers (killed by July frosts), asparagus, and fennel.

Cartwright is innovative and persistent throughout his years in Labrador. Time and again he overcame obstacles in life as in gardening. To loosen the dense peat soil, he learned to mix it with sand or ashes. He began seedlings indoors in March and April to ensure a modicum of harvest. Garden plots were cleared of snow in spring to hasten the warming of the soil. Spinach was prepared for winter consumption by salting. And the cold-climate gardening season was extended through tub planting and cold frames. We will never be certain whether Cartwright's cucumbers ever ripened, but his repeated planting of other species, indeed his repeated digging of gardens, suggests that the effort reaped its rewards.

While Cartwright's diaries contain many references to gardening, not much documentation is available concerning the early gardens of the Moravian missionaries. The Moravian Brethren, also known as Unitas Fratrum (Unity of Brethren), established their first permanent mission post in Nain in 1771, approximately 240 kilometres north of Sandwich Bay. The Moravian mandate was to Christianize the Inuit, but also to trade for whalebone, furs, fish, and seal products. The mission garden was characteristic of every Moravian station in Labrador, producing root crop staples for winter consumption and employing many Inuit workers. According to the Moravian diaries, Nain was chosen for a mission site because the land was even and had "a good soil for grass and garden stuff or other produce." An account of the newly established Nain mission, written in 1773 by a Moravian visitor to the mission, mentions that "they have a small sandy garden and they raise sallads in tolerable perfection." By the end of the nineteenth century mission gardens had become extensive operations, painstakingly fenced for protection from the wind, fertilized with fish offal, and

By the end of the nineteenth century mission gardens had become extensive operations, painstakingly fenced for protection from the wind, fertilized with fish offal, and utilizing raised beds and cold frames to nurture the harvest.

Moravian missions gardens at Nain, circa 1900. Moravian missionaries planted gardens soon after establishing their first mission post at Nain in 1771. By the late nineteenth century, the Nain gardens had become substantial operations.

COURTESY ARCHIV DER BRÜDER UNITÄT, HERRNHUT, GERMANY / R2614

I remember seeing the most beautiful bed of lettuce I ever saw at a Hudson Bay Company's settlement, 250 miles to the Northwards on the coast of Labrador.

MORAVIAN ARCHIVES, BETHLEHEM, PA. / MORAVIAN MISSION COLLECTION / MISS JANNASCH

Moravian missionaries Hermann and Marie Jannasch and family in the mission garden at Makkovik, circa 1897. Gardeners typically planted hardier vegetables such as turnips, beets, and cabbages, but were also sometimes successful with more fragile crops, such as cucumbers and asparagus.

utilizing raised beds and cold frames to nurture the harvest.

The Hudson's Bay Company established its first Labrador post at North West River, at the head of Groswater Bay. The climate here, not subject to the cold Labrador current, is considerably warmer than along the outer coast, and the soils tend to be sandy.

The HBC's first attempts at gardening seem to have been in the summer of 1842, when the posts under District Chief William Nourse's charge "experimented on a small scale with the cultivation of various vegetables." Nourse had placed an order for a variety of seeds including, "1/2 lb Early Dutch x 1/2 lb Swedish Turnip with a little Radish, Lettuce & Cabbage seeds." Nourse also wished for potatoes, and for livestock to produce manure for gardening. With a little salt fish, the potatoes would, he maintained, provide for many a winter's meal. (Nourse's wish was granted in 1844 when two cows with calf and seed potatoes arrived on board the HBC cargo vessel *The Marten*.)

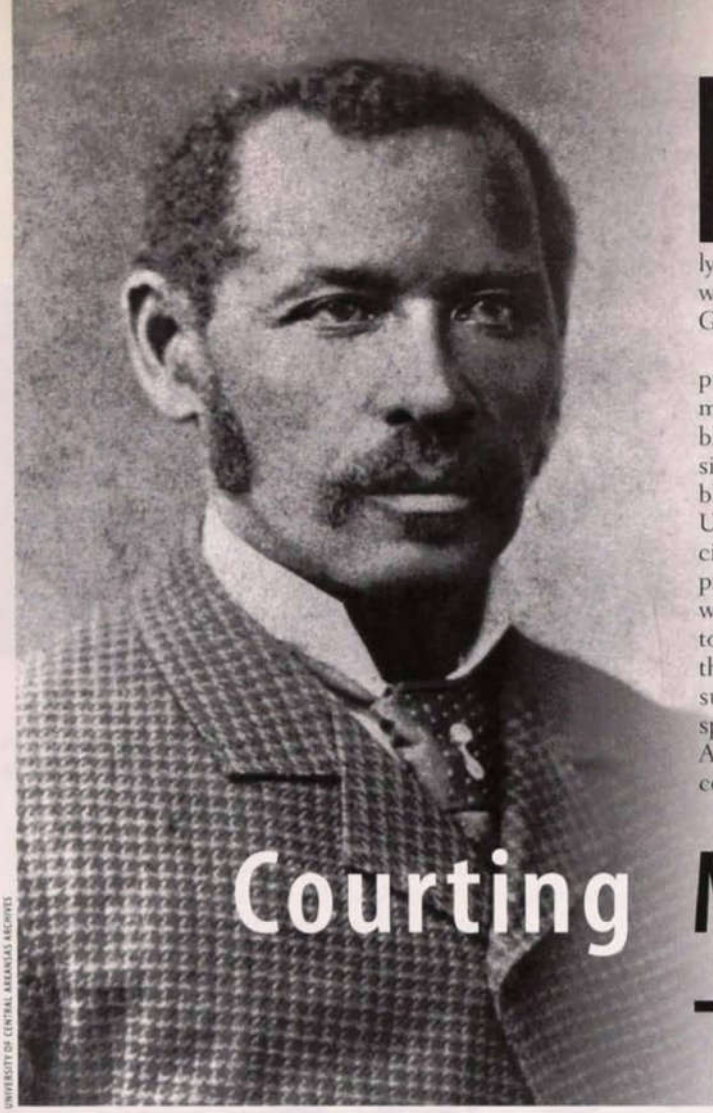
The only recorded results of the 1842 experiment originate from HBC employee George McKenzie, who was stationed at Sandy Banks Post along the Churchill River. On January 3, 1842, McKenzie wrote to Nourse that "I have been very successful with the Gardens, having housed thirty six Barrels of Turnips. The utmost I thought we would collect was ten Barrels." By all indications, McKenzie was a committed gardener for he also sent a "sample of seeds and grain" to Nourse "which came to maturity at this place last summer." We learn a little more about McKenzie's sample of seeds and grain in a letter from Nourse dated January 9, 1842, to an HBC employee in Rigolet: "It appears he [McKenzie] had tried several kinds of seeds merely as an experiment and he has sent me some of the Grain—Consisting of Wheat, Buckwheat, Barley, Oats, and Pease." Reminiscent of Cartwright's attempt at naturalizing grains seventy years earlier, the idea may have been to provide fodder for livestock.

As with Cartwright, identifying which plants might grow in a region was a practical way of ensuring good health, of reducing the cost of maintaining a post, and of avoiding the tedium of salted, tinned, and dried foods; "something fresh which is a great luxury when we should otherwise have to live on salt fish or Pork alone," wrote Nourse. The HBC continued to garden intermittently at their various posts in Labrador. A somewhat famous Labrador garden of the mid-1800s was that of Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona, chief factor at North West River between 1850 and 1869. Smith had seven acres under cultivation, much of it under glass. He grew turnips, peas, cucumbers, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, cauliflower, barley, and oats, as well as a large flower garden. He also kept a bull, twelve cows, two horses, chickens, a dozen sheep, and goats. By 1865 small garden plots next to planters' homes had become part of the rural scenery in the North West River region, undoubtedly spurred by Smith's agricultural project. Potatoes and turnips had become staple crops. In 1882, Reverend Frederick Ebenezer John Lloyd, touring portions of Labrador in his capacity as a representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, remarked, "I remember seeing the most beautiful bed of lettuce I ever saw at a Hudson Bay Company's settlement, 250 miles to the Northwards on the coast of Labrador."

It was, in fact, the references to lettuce, cresses, and mustard greens that first interested me in Labrador's earliest gardeners. Why would seemingly fragile plants be chosen for a cold-climate environment? As I eventually learned from my own developing gardening efforts, all three species thrive in cool weather, and grow best in the absence of hot sunlight. Cartwright's attempts at growing cucumbers may well have paralleled my own—keep trying. Interestingly, the potato, a ubiquitous garden vegetable since the mid-1800s, does not appear to have figured prominently for Cartwright and the Moravians. These early gardens were functional rather than decorative. They required considerable efforts to clear, till, and fertilize, and were, furthermore, attempted at the end of a five-hundred-year period of climatic cooling known as the Little Ice Age. Newfoundland poet Percy Janes recognized gardening as a reasonable metaphor for human effort and the following lines resonate well with the resilience and hardiness of Labrador's first gardeners:

> *so little fruit, but from the toil*
> *make bodies like our enemy the rock;*
> *and yield a subtler harvest to our souls,*
> *tempered in patience and low expectation that may serve*
> *to help us endure in rougher gardens than the spud-*
> *and-turnip field.*

Marianne P. Stopp is an archaeologist and researcher working in Newfoundland and Labrador. Her current research interests include food storage and preservation among prehistoric and early historic aboriginal groups in Labrador.



UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL ARKANSAS ARCHIVES

Courting Mifflin Gibbs

Mifflin Gibbs couldn't vote in California. He was black, and black men before the Civil War were denied American citizenship rights. But Gibbs could vote in British Columbia, and when he organized other black émigrés as a voting bloc in the young colony's 1860 election, they turned out to hold the balance of power. Ironically, they didn't vote for reform.

by Abraham Arnold

In 1860, Amor de Cosmos – who would one day become premier of British Columbia – ran for the first time in the general election for the Vancouver Island assembly. Editor and publisher of *The British Colonist*, an agitator for reform, and opposed to what he termed the "Family-Company Compact" – the governing elite composed largely of former Hudson's Bay Company officials – de Cosmos was pitted against two HBC supporters, Attorney-General George Hunter Cary and Victoria auctioneer Selim Franklin.

De Cosmos lost. Of the votes, which were cast orally in public, 137 went to Carey, 106 to Franklin, and 91 to de Cosmos. He might have won, but twenty-six electors voted as a bloc in support of the government candidates. The twenty-six were black men, part of an 1858 emigration of California blacks who moved to Vancouver Island in the wake of the U.S. Supreme Court's 1857 Dred Scott decision that denied citizenship to anyone of African heritage. Of them, the most prominent was Mifflin Wister Gibbs, an adventurous spirit whose travels had taken him to the California gold rush and to Vancouver Island, and would eventually take him back to the United States and to Madagascar. A skilled orator and a successful entrepreneur, Gibbs had quickly become a spokesman for the Victoria black community. The next time Amor de Cosmos sought elective office he would have to come cap in hand to Mifflin Gibbs.

The man who would one day receive de Cosmos as a supplicant was born free, April 17, 1823 in Philadelphia, the son of a Methodist minister. When Gibbs was seven, his father died. With school unaffordable, he went out to work, his first job driving a horse for a doctor for three dollars a month. As a teenager, he realized his lack of formal schooling retarded his advancement and he began to spend long hours reading. He joined the Philadelphia Library Company, a group of black men who met to discuss the problems of their race, and he became active in the underground railway for escaping slaves, for which Philadelphia was an important way-station. In 1848, at a public rally in honour of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian liberator in the Central European uprisings of that year, he first demonstrated his skill as an orator. Though blacks had been excluded from the rally, Gibbs stood on a dry-goods box and made a speech that attracted a surprisingly tolerant and receptive audience. Soon he was meeting with other black leaders, among them Frederick Douglass, the most distinguished antislavery advocate of his day. In 1849, he joined Douglass in an antislavery lecture tour of New York state. But with no payment for his efforts, he ended the tour penniless.

Learning that gold had been discovered in California, Gibbs decided to seek his fortune on the Pacific coast. Financed by friends, he sailed to San Francisco via Panama, but arrived without funds or friends. After doing odd jobs, he eventually became a porter and bootblack at the Union Hotel, where he was able to save enough money to go into

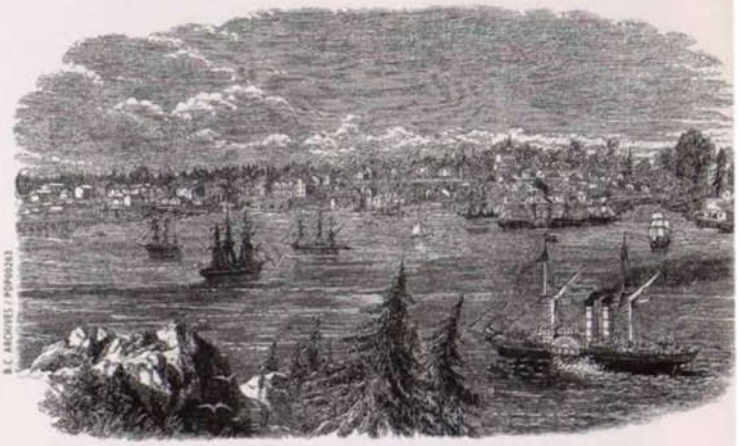
Previous page: Philadelphia-born Mifflin Wistar Gibbs (1823–1915) was a presence in British Columbia politics between 1858, when he emigrated to Victoria from California, and 1870, when he returned to the U.S. At first, grateful, as he wrote, to "enjoy that liberty under the 'British lion' denied [them] beneath the pinions of the American Eagle," he organized the Victoria black community to support the largely oligarchical rule of Governor James Douglas. In 1866 he was elected to the Victoria town council, where he served as chair of the finance committee and later as acting mayor. In the late 1860s, he was an enthusiastic advocate of confederation with Canada.

partnership in a clothing store. A year later, he took another partner, bootmaker Peter Lester, and opened Lester and Gibbs, importers of fine shoes, which became profitable in wholesale and retail trade.

While building his business Gibbs continued to fight for citizenship rights for American blacks. Though California was a free state, strong antiblack sentiment existed, and in the years before the Civil War, the legislature passed a number of discriminatory laws. Provoked by the Dred Scott decision and rumours that California would join the southern states planning to secede from the Union, some San Francisco blacks, Gibbs among them, decided to emigrate to the British colony on Vancouver Island. In June 1858, Gibbs left for Victoria with a large stock of miners' supplies, which he sold profitably upon arrival. With Lester, he opened a branch of Lester and Gibbs, which expanded beyond shoes to general supplies. The store soon became the first serious competition in the colony to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Gibbs returned to the United States in 1859 to marry Maria Alexander, a black woman from Kentucky who had been educated at Ohio's Oberlin College. By 1860 he was back in Victoria, where he bought a home in the town's fashionable James Bay district, and started a family. In these first few years after their exodus to Victoria from California, blacks were usually well treated, though some prejudice was demonstrated. However, as white American prospectors poured into the area, race relations worsened. At the same time, segments of the growing population began to clamour for government reform. Victoria has started as an HBC fur trading post in 1843, and in 1849 became the centre of the Crown colony of Vancouver Island. James Douglas had given up his post as chief factor of the HBC in 1851 to become governor of Vancouver Island. In 1856, the British government ordered him to establish a legislative assembly, a task for which he admitted having little experience. Douglas opposed universal suffrage and set property qualifications for the voting franchise and for membership in the assembly so high, only a few landowners qualified. The first assembly was a most unrepresentative body. By 1860, however, the rules for election were broadened, and Amor de Cosmos, the most vocal advocate for representative government, threw his hat into the ring in opposition to the Douglas regime. It was at this point that Gibbs and the community of American blacks became pawns in the electoral struggle.

The black bloc vote assured the defeat of de Cosmos. Grateful for Douglas's warm welcome to the colony ... they sided with the governor and affirmed the status quo.



View of Victoria, 1858. Victoria was a small community of less than a thousand people when gold-hungry prospectors, attracted by the 1858 Fraser River gold rush, began swelling the population and turning the former HBC trading post into a supply centre and jumping-off point. By 1862, Victoria was incorporated as a city.

A cartoon, made from sugar, depicts three of the twenty-six delegates to the Yale Convention of September, 1868, which was held to support B.C.'s union with Canada. The central figure is Amor de Cosmos, who served as an MP from Victoria following Confederation in 1871 and as premier of British Columbia from 1872 to 1873. Mifflin Gibbs is on his left arm; John Gustavus Norris is on his right.

Before the election, de Cosmos had argued that the vote applied only to property owners who were British subjects, and that the American blacks were not eligible because they had not been naturalized (granted British colonial citizenship). The Douglas regime replied that since the Dred Scott decision had declared blacks noncitizens, they weren't subjects of any foreign power, and therefore simply had to swear allegiance to the Queen to be entitled to the vote. Twenty-six blacks took the oath and voted in the election.

The black bloc vote assured the defeat of de Cosmos. Grateful for Douglas's warm welcome to the colony and to "enjoy that liberty under the 'British lion' denied [them] beneath the pinions of the American Eagle," they sided with the governor and affirmed the status quo. The day after the election the blacks celebrated the return of the government candidate, and Mifflin Gibbs made a speech expressing satisfaction that his people had been given political rights that were denied them in "a country calling itself free." He added that "England will find her new colonists among her most loyal and devoted subjects who would be ever ready to bare their breasts against her enemies."

De Cosmos challenged the election result, but was unsuccessful due to the machinations of a government-appointed committee. Nevertheless, in 1861, a court of revision concluded twenty-four of the twenty-six black men who voted were not entitled to do so "because they were American Negroes" and had not been naturalized. A year later, Attorney General Cary, a winner in the 1860 election, introduced the Vancouver Island Aliens Act, which granted naturalized citizens the right to vote, but not the right to run for the assembly, an exclusion directed at blacks. In spite of that, by early December 1861, fifty-three blacks, including Gibbs, had applied for naturalization.

Once naturalized, they began to agitate for the right to run for the assembly. In January 1863, an amendment to the Aliens Act was introduced allowing naturalized citizens to run for the assembly five years after becoming citizens. However, the colonial government was dissolved before the bill could be passed. A new election was called for July 18.

Amor de Cosmos was again a candidate. In an effort to avoid a repetition of his 1860 election experience, he spent two hours with Mifflin Gibbs seeking to enlist his support, but without success. A little later the blacks held a public meeting on the election. De Cosmos attended, trying to make amends for previous statements to which the blacks had taken exception. Nevertheless he was strongly criticized. Mifflin Gibbs stated publicly that de Cosmos should be put "on good behavior for three years" before the blacks would vote for him. "If you are elected we will see if your professions are sincere," Gibbs said. "If you are defeated, we will see how you behave yourself under the disappointment."

This time, however, many blacks did not follow Gibbs's advice. Some did not bother to vote, and with reform having gained strength in the community a few voted for de Cosmos, who won his seat.

The controversy over granting naturalized citizens the right to run for assembly did not end until 1866 when Vancouver Island joined mainland British Columbia as one colony. Naturalization laws were liberalized and universal male suffrage (excluding native people and Chinese) was established. Meanwhile no legal impediment had existed preventing a naturalized citizen from running for civic office. In 1862, Gibbs threw his hat into the ring as a candidate for Victoria town council. Fourteen candidates ran for six seats. Gibbs place seventh, losing by seven votes. Despite growing racial prejudice in the colony, Gibbs won a council seat four years later for the "silk-stocking" ward of James Bay. By then, Gibbs, who had become involved in construction and would later oversee a mining operation on the Queen Charlotte Islands, had gained acceptance for his business accomplishments among the gentlemen's elite of Victoria. He was chosen chairman of the finance committee and presented a balanced budget in his first year. Later he served as acting mayor.

Gibbs remained in British Columbia until 1870. Once an opponent of de Cosmos, he found himself an ally of the reform leader in the late 1860s, when British Columbia began to debate the question of Confederation with Canada or annexation to the United States. De Cosmos and his allies had founded the Confederation League, which advocated union with Canada as well as Responsible Government. Gibbs was elected to the executive, and at a pro-Confederation conference September 14 at Yale, B.C., represented Victoria as well as Salt Spring Island, which had a small black community. The idea of annexation to the United States was "popular with the masses," Gibbs reported to the *San Francisco Elevator*, for which he was an occasional correspondent, but it did not have the support of the wealthy and influential residents of the colony. Moreover, he was convinced that the Imperial government would never accept relinquishing the colony to the United States.

Gibbs was an enthusiastic supporter of Confederation, but he left British Columbia for the United States in 1870, before the colony united with Canada. During his twelve years in B.C., the U.S. had been through a civil war, followed by Reconstruction. Slavery had been abolished and blacks emancipated and many B.C. blacks chose to return to the U.S. In an introduction to a modern edition of Gibbs's 1902 autobiography *Shadow & Light*, Tom W. Dillard suggests Gibbs was attracted to newly opened frontier regions such as California and B.C. The Reconstruction-era South was a frontier, too. Before he left Victoria and rejoined his wife and family, who had returned to Ohio in 1867, he began studying law. He obtained his degree at Oberlin, but in characteristic peripatetic fashion, Gibbs moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1871 where he joined a law firm and completed his admission to the bar. In 1872 he opened his own law office with a partner, and became active in politics as a member of the Republican Party, the party of Abraham Lincoln. In 1873 in Little Rock, he was elected the first black municipal court judge in American history. Loyalty to the Republican Party led to a number of presidential appointments capped by a posting as U.S. consul to Madagascar.

Gibbs died in 1915 at age ninety-two. In view of his long and varied political activities in the United States, largely devoted to improving the lot of black Americans, one can only imagine the political career he might have enjoyed in Canada had he chosen to remain in British Columbia when it became a Canadian province in 1871.

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Scandal

He was an Anglican priest. She was a servant girl. When she accused him of rape and seduction, the trial was the sensation of the Red River colony.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF MANITOBA

In February 1863, Maria Thomas, a mixed-blood servant girl at Red River, told the court at Upper Fort Garry that her master, Anglican clergyman and medical practitioner Griffith Owen Corbett, had drugged her with laudanum and raped her as a virgin while she was unconscious. She maintained that the clergyman had then continued to have sexual intercourse with her on an almost daily basis in the hayloft of the barn while the two were supposedly feeding cattle. She talked of carriage rides that ended with sexual activity in the bushes and of frequent presents of both clothing and money. According to her testimony, the Reverend Corbett could not keep his hands off her for nearly a year.

"He said he never loved a servant girl as he loved me," she told the court.

Corbett, the accused defendant, did not testify, though his story was recounted as hearsay by witnesses at the trial and in his own words afterwards. Born in England in 1823, he had founded in 1852 a church at Headingley, about twenty kilometres west of Upper Fort Garry along the Assiniboine River. Hostile to Catholicism, Corbett made himself very popular among the Protestant mixed-bloods of the settlement. At the same time, estranging himself from most of the other Anglican clergy and criticizing the Hudson's Bay Company, he made himself very unpopular with the ruling elite of the Red River colony. When he was brought to trial on five charges of procuring an abortion – a serious matter in Victorian Britain and its Empire – the entire settlement chose sides, exposing underlying tensions in Red River society that would not emerge again until Louis Riel's insurgency a few years later.

The trial, which began February 19 and lasted for nine days, would have been the sensation of British North America, perhaps of the entire Empire, had it not been conducted in the remote settlement of Red River. It was a public sex scandal – a colonial manifestation of a Victorian phenomenon that began in the British popular press in the 1850s – and it had all the hallmarks of sexual, racial, and class transgression. A young female, a servant-girl of mixed blood from a poor family of little social standing, was accusing of rape, seduction, and attempted abortion an English-born clergyman who had stature, influence, and authority in the community. The case positively reeked with literary and theatrical allusions. The rape or seduction of a young servant girl by her master was a relatively common occurrence in the nineteenth century, and the plotline found its way into the sensationalist fiction of the day – an aspect that may not have been lost on some of those involved in the trial, including the judge. However isolated the Red River settlement was in 1863, it nevertheless had both a public library and bookshop where current Victorian novels were available.

The trial was covered virtually verbatim in successive installments of the local newspaper, The *Nor'-Wester*. This added another literary dimension as it echoed the way in which most popular fiction was delivered to its audience in the mid-nineteenth century. *Nor'-Wester* editor and publisher James Ross also served as Corbett's defence attorney, an apparent conflict of interest. But the paper does not seem to have tampered with its report of the testimony. Including the court's own record and another eyewitness account, the Corbett trial is easily the best documented of the handful of criminal abortion cases heard in the courts of mid-nineteenth century British North America. Sixty-one witnesses were examined and cross-examined in considerable detail. The defence team included the first qualified legal practitioner ever to appear before a Red River court.

In 1862 rumours circulated throughout the settlement that Griffith Owen Corbett's young mixed-blood servant girl was carrying the minister's child. Corbett attempted to staunch these reports by having Maria swear an oath denying their sexual involvement, while his friends circulated along the Assiniboine River a petition of support for him as a clergyman and as a medical practitioner. But the girl's father, Simon Thomas, a Hudson's Bay Company boatman, com-

at Red River

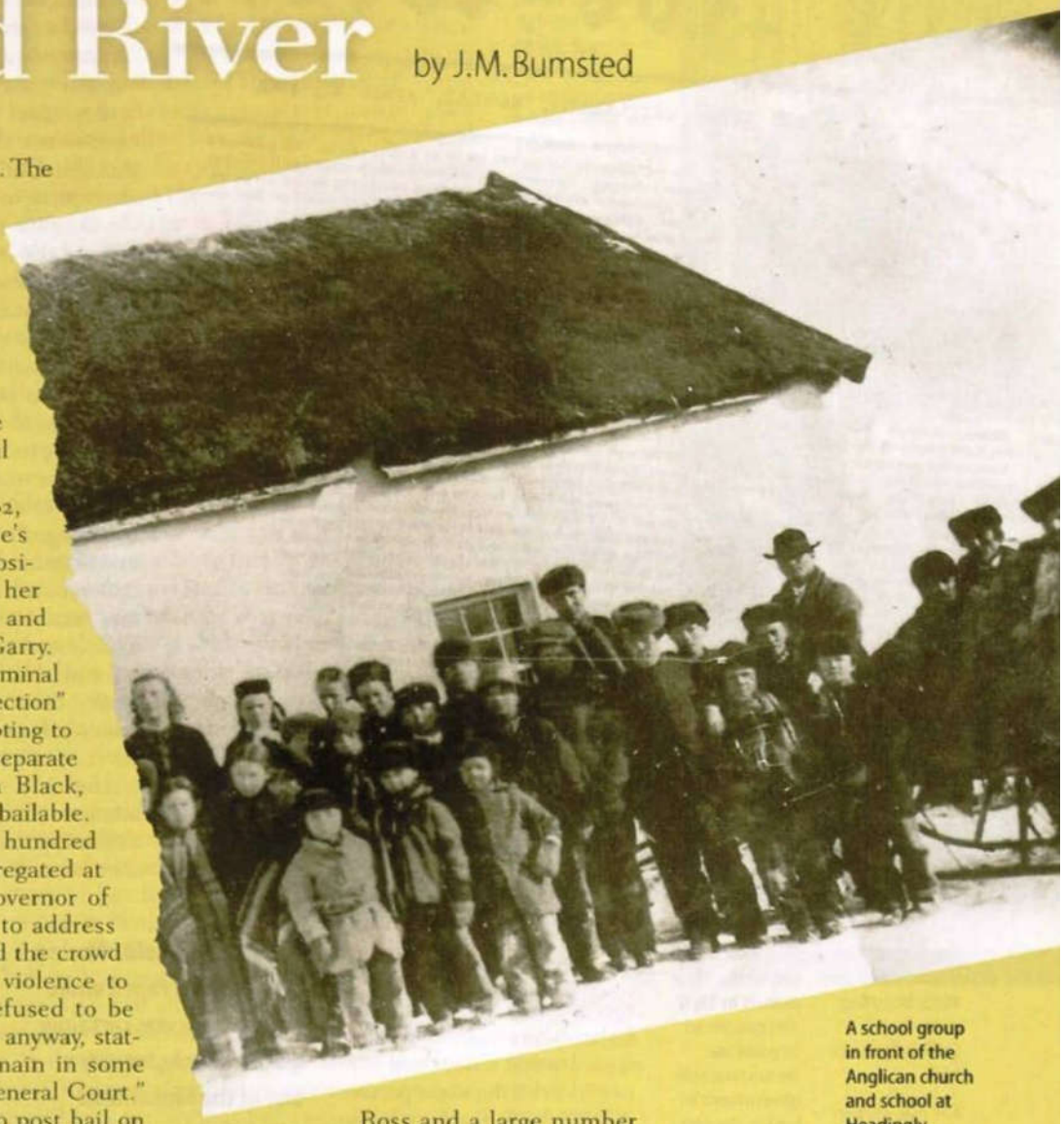
by J.M. Bumsted

plained to the Anglican bishop. The church launched an informal investigation. Corbett was declared guilty, and the bishop advised him to flee the country to avoid prosecution. Corbett consulted with his friends in Headingley and refused to depart, maintaining that he was innocent, although fearful of not receiving a fair trial.

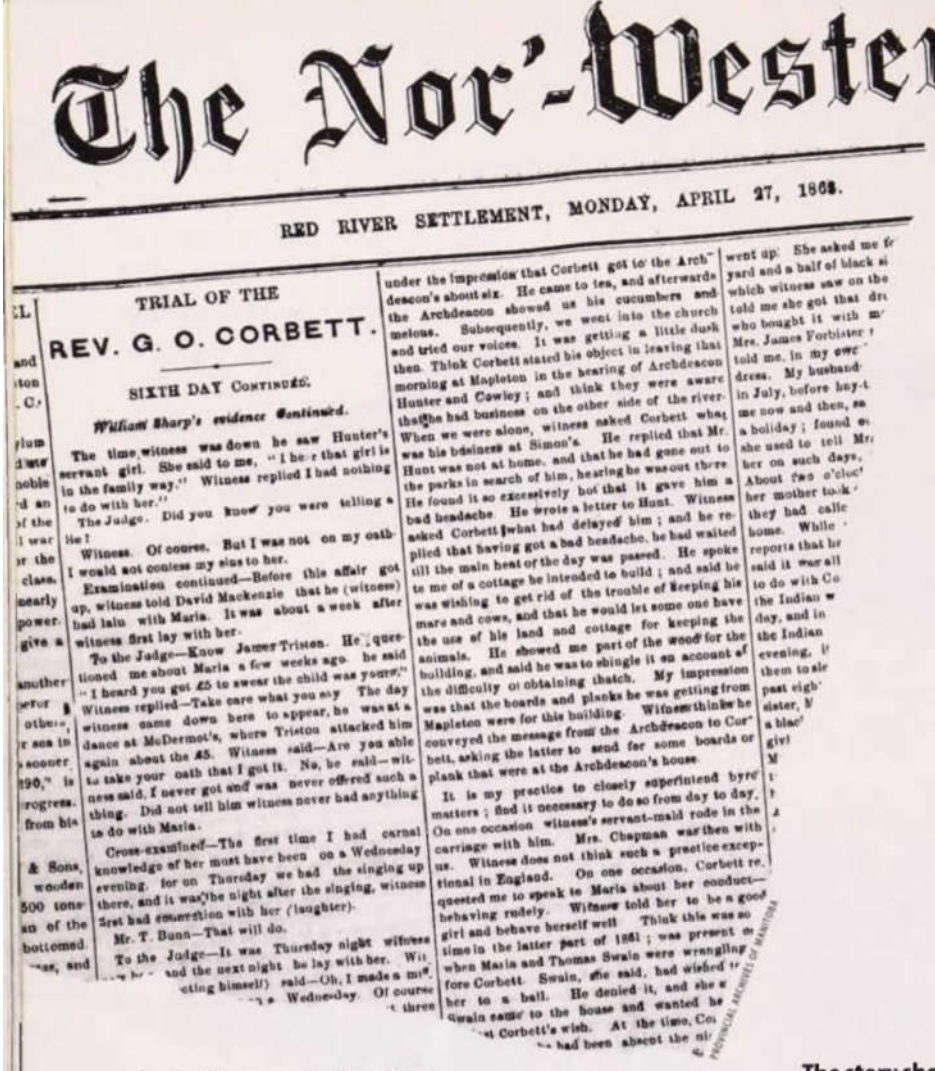
In early December 1862, after an official magistrate's investigation, including depositions of Maria Thomas and her family, Corbett was arrested and imprisoned at Upper Fort Garry. He was not charged with "criminal conversation" or "carnal connection" with the girl, but with attempting to procure a miscarriage on five separate occasions. The judge, John Black, insisted the charge was not bailable. But when a crowd of over a hundred and fifty mixed-bloods congregated at the jail December 6, the governor of Assiniboia allowed Corbett to address them. The *Nor'-Wester* denied the crowd had any intention of using violence to release him, but Corbett refused to be forcibly removed from prison anyway, stating he was "prepared to remain in some time longer untill [*sic*] the General Court." He was eventually allowed to post bail on December 16 amidst continuing rumours that the HBC had set him up.

If the HBC was pleased to see Corbett in trouble, the clergyman was equally pleased to be able to associate his personal difficulties with the political problems of the day, wrapping himself in the mantle of a champion of "British liberty." Earlier in the year, in opposition to a Council of Assiniboia petition to the British Colonial Office for more troops to defend the settlement from marauding Sioux, Corbett and Ross had circulated a counterpetition. It called for a Crown Colony in Red River, instead of Canadian annexation or continued HBC rule. When Ross refused to publish the official petition in the *Nor'-Wester*, the HBC stripped him of his offices of sheriff, governor of the jail, and postmaster. An angry Ross and a large number of mixed-bloods were thus prepared to believe Corbett's account of HBC persecution and to defend him in court. For his part, Corbett accused the Company in a letter of "an attack upon our social, political, and religious freedom."

While Corbett and his lawyers sought a speedy trial, the court insisted on waiting until Maria Thomas, who gave birth to a baby girl in early January 1863, could travel to the courthouse at Fort Garry. While secondary accounts of the trial assumed without question that Corbett was guilty as charged, the evidence was complex and the case anything but open and shut. At first glance, it was a classic abuse case in the modern sense and a classic abortion case in the nineteenth-century sense. As was usual in Victorian abortion cases, the prosecution went after both the



A school group in front of the Anglican church and school at Headingly, Manitoba, in the 1860s. Corbett founded the church in the early 1850s before leaving for England to study medicine. He returned to Headingly (or Headingley, as it was then spelled) in 1857 to resume his clerical duties.



The Nor'-Wester

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT, MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1868.

TRIAL OF THE

REV. G. O. CORBETT.

SIXTH DAY CONTINUED.

William Sharp's evidence Continued.

The time witness was down he saw Hunter's servant girl. She said to me, "I hear that girl is in the family way." Witness replied I had nothing to do with her."

The Judge. Did you know you were telling a lie?

Witness. Of course. But I was not on my oath. I would not confess my sins to her.

Examination continued—Before this affair got up, witness told David Mackenzie that he (witness) had lain with Maria. It was about a week after witness first lay with her.

To the Judge—Know James Tristen. He questioned me about Maria a few weeks ago. he said "I heard you got £5 to swear the child was yours." Witness replied—Take care what you say. The day witness came down here to appear, he was at a dance at McDermot's, where Tristen attacked him again about the £5. Witness said—Are you able to take your oath that I got it. No, he said—without said, if never got and was never offered such a thing. Did not tell him witness never had anything to do with Maria.

Cross-examined—The first time I had carnal knowledge of her must have been on a Wednesday evening, for on Thursday we had the singing up there, and it was the night after the singing, witness first had connection with her (laughter).

Mr. T. Bunn—That will do.

To the Judge—It was Thursday night witness and the next night he lay with her. Wit[ness] (witness himself) said—Oh, I made a mi[stake] ... Wednesday. Of course ... three ... under the impression that Corbett got to the Archdeacon's about six. He came to tea, and afterwards the Archdeacon showed us his cucumbers and melons. Subsequently, we went into the church and tried our voices. It was getting a little dusk then. Think Corbett stated his object in leaving that morning at Mapleton in the hearing of Archdeacon Hunter and Cowley; and think they were aware that he had business on the other side of the river. When we were alone, witness asked Corbett what was his business at Simon's. He replied that Mr. Hunt was not at home, and that he had gone out to the parks in search of him, hearing he was out there. He found it so excessively hot that it gave him a bad headache. He wrote a letter to Hunt. Witness asked Corbett what had delayed him; and he replied that having got a bad headache, he had waited till the main heat of the day was passed. He spoke to me of a cottage he intended to build; and said he was wishing to get rid of the trouble of keeping his mare and cows, and that he would let some one have the use of his land and cottage for keeping the animals. He showed me part of the wood for the building, and said he was to shingle it on account of the difficulty of obtaining thatch. My impression was that the boards and planks he was getting from Mapleton were for this building. Witness thinks he conveyed the message from the Archdeacon to Corbett, asking the latter to send for some boards or plank that were at the Archdeacon's house.

It is my practice to closely superintend byre matters; find it necessary to do so from day to day. On one occasion witness's servant-maid rode in the carriage with him. Mrs. Chapman was then with us. Witness does not think such a practice exceptional in England. On one occasion, Corbett requested me to speak to Maria about her conduct—behaving rudely. Witness told her to be a good girl and behave herself well. Think this was so time in the latter part of 1861; was present on when Maria and Thomas Swain were wrangling fore Corbett. Swain, she said, had wished her to a ball. He denied it, and she w[ent] Swain came to the house and wanted he[r] Corbett's wish. At the time, Co[rbett] had been absent the ni[ght] went up. She asked me f[or] yard and a half of black s[ilk] which witness saw on the told me she got that dr[ess] who bought it with m[oney] Mrs. James Forbister told me, in my own dress. My husband in July, before hay-t[ime] me now and then, as a holiday; found [it] she used to tell Mr[s] her on such days. About two o'cloc[k] her mother took they had calle home. While reports that he said it was all to do with Co the Indian w day, and in the Indian evening, t them to sle past eigh sister, M a blac[k] girl

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF MANITOBA

The *Nor'-Wester*, Monday, April 27, 1865, featuring coverage of Griffith Corbett's trial.

The *Nor'-Wester* was founded in 1859 by two former Toronto *Globe* reporters who brought a press to Red River from St. Paul, Minnesota. In it, they urged that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company be ended, and that the Red River colony and the Northwest be annexed to Canada. James Ross bought out one of the owners in 1860 and continued to advocate democratic self-government as well as the end of HBC rule.

The story she told of being drugged and raped while unconscious was certainly quite unlikely, worthy of one of the sensational novels fashionable in the early 1860s.

medical practitioner and the father who obtained his services. In this case, they happened to be the same person. Also typically, the female was not prosecuted. In fairness to Maria, if her story were to be believed, she had never realized in her innocence that Corbett was attempting an abortion on her.

The star witness had been a behavioural problem at home before being placed by her parents into service with the Corbetts. She also had something of a local reputation as a gossipy teller of tales who flirted with the boys. The story she told of being drugged and raped while unconscious was certainly quite unlikely, worthy of one of the sensational novels fashionable in the early 1860s. Although by her own account she had initially been raped, she had subsequently entered into the affair more or less willingly, and had accepted gifts without question. She also described in considerable graphic detail several later occasions in which Corbett had tried to give her medicine (which medical testimony associated with abortion), as well as attempts at both manual manipulation and surgical interference. Neither the prosecution nor the defence asked her what she thought Corbett was doing if he were not attempting to bring about an abortion.

Despite the rhetoric of seduction that echoed the melodrama of Victorian fiction, there was also a tone of innocent naiveté in the girl's narrative. She hinted that her mother was willing to negotiate her virginity, while insisting that she thought that she must have sex with Corbett because servants had to obey their masters.

The prosecution avoided charges based on the sexual intercourse part of Maria's story, probably less because what Corbett had allegedly done was not regarded as criminal than because there was no real substantiation to be found for it. The rape/seduction tale rested entirely on the girl's testimony. The abortion charges seemed on firmer ground. The medical details involved appeared beyond the inventive powers of an ill-educated young woman, and there were other eyewitnesses (admittedly all members of the girl's own family) to several of the attempts. Instead of maintaining the distinction between the actions of carnal connection (or rape or seduction) and abortion, the Crown nevertheless saw the two sets of actions as a single package, as doubtless did most of the onlookers. The prosecution, confirmed by the charge of the judge, emphasized that it was not bringing carnal connection charges, but that the girl's tale of the sexual intercourse provided the context for the attempted abortions. (The likelihood is that Corbett would have gotten off on rape/seduction or carnal connection charges in most jurisdictions, both because he was a male being judged by an all-male jury, and because the defence was able to raise questions about the girl's sexual past and previous conduct.)

Why the defence, which included Frank Hunt, an experienced lawyer recently arrived from Chicago, allowed the prosecution to collapse the rape/seduction and the abortions into a single seamless narrative is not clear from the surviving documentation. A modern defence attorney would certainly have insisted that testimony and evidence on the rape/seduction should be separated

Ross tried to characterize the girl as a prostitute. ... standard defence practice in rape/seduction cases. For Victorians there were precious few gradations among "fallen women."

from that on the abortion attempts. James Ross was not a very experienced defence attorney, though not a complete neophyte. It is likely that Ross thought that the girl's rape/seduction account was more easily countered than her abortion narrative and less likely to be believed. If one part of the narrative could be shaken, it would all fall to the ground. The defence sought to impeach Maria's character and testimony, frequently contrasting her "incredible" story with Reverend Corbett's standing in the community as both a clergyman and a medical practitioner. Ross succeeded in showing a number of inconsistencies in the girl's testimony, but was unable to break her nerve on the witness stand. The judge in his summation to the jury made much of the point that the girl had withstood a gruelling two-day cross-examination without collapse.

The defence tried to explain away the graphic evidence of the abortions by insisting that the girl had access to Corbett's medical books. But it never produced any tomes that provided the information required, nor any evidence that Maria would have any inclination or ability to make use of such material. Instead, Ross offered a counternarrative to that of the girl. He tried to paint a picture of an entire family who was not to be trusted, who had engaged in collusion against his client. But what he managed to communicate was a general class bias against the poor and marginal members of the mixed-blood community which he – as a "respectable" mixed-blood – shared with the rest of the settlement's elite. Indeed, most of those involved with Maria Thomas and this case, apart from the Corbetts and other members of the clergy, were clearly part of the "less respectable" mixed-blood community in the settlement. Ross inevitably tried to characterize the girl as a prostitute. This was standard defence practice in rape/seduction cases. For Victorians there were precious few gradations among "fallen women."

The prosecution called a series of witnesses in an attempt to confirm parts – any part – of the girl's story of her torrid affair with Corbett. The result was a good deal of contradictory testimony that, on the whole, cast more suspicion on the witness's account than it did on Reverend Corbett's behaviour. Thomas claimed Corbett had given her a French merino dress as a present. But some witnesses insisted she had the dress before she entered Corbett's service, while others testified that she had told them it was a present from her mother. Even the judge in his charge to the jury had to admit that the merino dress remained a puzzle. Some evidence was advanced that the money given to Maria by Corbett had been intended to pay her family for building materials they were to supply. But there was also a suggestion that the orders for building materials had been extracted from Corbett as part of the price of her sexual violation. Maria had been seen at one point emerging from the bushes near Headingley village with a male, but none of a series of prosecution witnesses could actually say that the male was Corbett. James Ross pointed out to the jury how ludicrous the scene being painted by the girl really was.

"Fancy the picture – a clear open prairie where they could be seen from several miles away, a dozen of houses a few hundred yards off – about 2 o'clock in the day, people passing and repassing. Under such circumstances can you believe this girl, when she says Mr. Corbett, the clergyman of the Parish, took her away some distance from the public road into *bushes*, and there *lay* with her!"

For its part, the defence brought witnesses (mainly female) to demonstrate that the girl was mendacious, but most of their examples of falsehoods were not very telling. Instead of labelling her a "liar," a word both the defence witnesses and the defence used all too frequently, James Ross would have been better advised to describe Maria as living in a romanticized adolescent world of imagination and fantasy. Meanwhile, a series of young

James Ross (upper right) in the 1860s. Born in Red River, Ross, an anglophone mixed-blood, was publisher and editor of *The Nor'-Wester* at the same time as he was serving as Griffith Owen Corbett's defence attorney. After the Corbett trial, he went to Toronto to study law, worked for newspapers in Toronto and Hamilton, then returned to Red River on the eve of the Red River Rebellion, where he became leader of the English mixed-bloods. An equivocal supporter of the rebellion, he was appointed chief justice in Louis Riel's 1869–1870 provisional government. He died in 1871.

John Black (right) was president of the General Quarterly Court of Assiniboia (as the Red River court was officially called) and presided over the 1863 Corbett trial. Born in Scotland in 1817, he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Red River and rose to the position of chief trader. In 1854, he went to Scotland, where he acquired some legal training, returning to Red River in 1862. The Corbett trial proved to be one of his first major tests.

men testified that they had themselves been intimate with Thomas and even had had sexual intercourse with her. This hostile testimony was totally compromised, however, when one of these witnesses returned to the witness box and insisted that he had been paid by Corbett to perjure himself. James Ross, who by the end of the trial was carrying the case for the defence alone (Hunt having disappeared), disastrously allowed the defence's case to close on this very damaging note.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Black not only glossed over the contradictions in Maria's story, but over evidence of her vivid imagination. Black did his best to bring the narrative back under control by providing a concluding authorial synthesis. But because this was real life and not a novel, tidy resolutions kept eluding him. From the prosecution's perspective, either the girl was believable as a witness or she was not. The judge chose to believe her totally. He thus brushed aside considerable contradictory evidence that she had often lived in a world of fantasy and had flirted consistently with the boys. He dismissed the most damaging of the defence witnesses as people of no standing in the community and paid perjurers. The judge made much of Corbett's efforts to "find a father for the child," never once allowing that an innocent man was as likely to respond in this way as a guilty one. He told the jury, "To the unfortunate woman herself, the consequences of this prosecution cannot alas! ... affect her very much. By some one or other, she has already been deprived of all that makes female character valuable – her virtue; and probably there is now nothing on earth that concerns her but preparations for death." Judge Black's charge was a powerful indictment of Griffith Owen Corbett.

Corbett himself did not testify. James Ross tried to suggest in his speech to the jury that his client had been prevented by the court from appearing on his own behalf. As a result of the clergyman's nonappearance, what we know of Corbett's response to the girl's accusations comes from his "confessions," those recounted as hearsay by witnesses at the trial and one in his own words afterwards. Corbett never commented directly on the abortion charges, but he consistently maintained his innocence of paternity. In even the most damning admissions, the language was equivocal. In them, Corbett insisted that he was responsible or "to blame." This could have meant that he had allowed the girl too many liberties rather than that he had engaged in sexual intercourse with her. The abortion attempts were a different matter. Corbett never explicitly denied them, and never really discussed them at any point. It is possible that he attempted to induce a miscarriage because he knew he would be accused of being the father or because he felt sorry for the girl. Or he may have been protecting someone. If this were the case, the logical candidate was a young protégé whose connection to Corbett was most mysterious.

The jury found Corbett guilty as charged, but recommended mercy. The recommendation may have been because of the political atmosphere surrounding the trial, but equally likely because the jury was not thoroughly convinced that Corbett was the father of the child. Corbett was sentenced to six months in prison. A band of his supporters, claiming that his health had broken down under incarceration, soon broke him out of the jail and sheltered him. The court, faced with the possibility of open civil war if it chose to enforce its sentence, allowed him to remain free. Instead, Judge Black read to a subsequent grand jury excerpts from a private letter written by Corbett from jail to his bishop. The excerpts seemed to confirm the clergyman's guilt. But in a subsequent letter to *The Nor'-Wester*, Corbett insisted that the excerpts read had been taken out of context. The clergyman admitted that his mental state had led him to write a confused letter, but maintained he had not intended to admit to any responsibility beyond allowing the girl too many liberties. He denounced Judge Black (and by implication the bishop) for reading from a private letter, although his high-minded position was somewhat weakened by the fact that he was himself a fugitive from justice at the time of writing. Was justice done in the case of the *Queen v. G.O. Corbett*? Griffith Owen Corbett was almost certainly guilty as charged of attempting to procure an abortion. The full story behind those charges was possibly not the one advanced by the prosecution, however, or those recounted in other histories of the case. The doubts raised by the defence, even more than the high politics of the case, probably led the jury to the recommendation of mercy and the judge to the light sentence.

The trial did not provide a neat resolution for any of its major participants. Corbett had been broken out of prison by his supporters and never served out his sentence. He went back to England, eventually becoming rehabilitated and gaining another parish there. Later reports suggest that he had more trouble with sexual abuses many years later. He lived until 1909. Mrs. Corbett and her daughters remained in the Red River Settlement and did not accompany Corbett back home; she eventually moved to Swan Lake, Manitoba and resided there until 1918. Maria Thomas died in Mapleton, Manitoba in 1867. James Ross sold his share of *The Nor'-Wester* in 1863 and moved to Toronto to work as a journalist. He returned to Red River in 1869, by which time he was drinking heavily. He died in 1871 of an alcohol-related illness. Judge Black's incompetence was thoroughly exposed by a clever American defence attorney in a murder trial in 1868. The judge was nevertheless selected one of the provisional government's negotiators with Canada in 1870.

The Corbett affair had compromised the maintenance of law and order in Red River. It also compromised the authority of the Church of England, not because one of its clergymen had been involved in scandal, but in its equivocal response to the entire business. The Church had allowed its own casual and legally improper investigation of the charges to become part of the prosecution case, and even more damaging, had actually encouraged Corbett to become a fugitive from justice rather than expose himself (and his Church) to public obloquy. Perhaps more significantly, the case revealed the many tensions that existed in the settlement at midcentury. The population was obviously badly divided on religious, racial, class, and gender lines. If Red River had ever been a place of utopian harmony, as some of its residents had liked to believe, it clearly was no longer. ◼

J.M. Bumsted is a professor of history and a fellow of St. John's College, University of Manitoba. He is the author of a number of books on Manitoba history, including *Thomas Scott's Body and Other Essays on Early Manitoba History* (University of Manitoba Press, 2000), from which this story was adapted.

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Spring Ahead

The fuss and furor over daylight saving time

by Cheryl MacDonald

For most Canadians, it's a routine matter. On the last Sunday in April, we set our clocks ahead an hour, returning to standard time six months later. But in the early twentieth century, daylight saving was a controversial idea. Some claimed it saved energy and promoted health, sociability, and morality, while detractors said it made people sick and created mass confusion. Most city dwellers and business owners supported the idea. Farm groups and some labour organizations hated it. In the middle of the Great War, daylight saving prompted almost as much discussion as the conscription crisis.

The idea already had a long history. American inventor Benjamin Franklin proposed a daylight saving scheme while ambassador to France, claiming that it would save 96 million *livres* per year in candles. The French remained unconvinced. So did the English when London builder William Willett published a pamphlet in 1907 that proposed moving clocks ahead by twenty minutes on four Sundays in April. Ridiculous, most people thought, and a bill drafted for the British parliament in 1909 was rejected. Then the war came, and with it rationing. In 1916, Britain adopted "summer time," a plan for saving daylight.

Although a few communities had experimented with daylight saving as early as 1912, a number of Canadian municipalities followed Britain's lead in 1916. Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Brandon, Manitoba, and Brantford, Ontario were among those that made the switch. But because the scheme was not universally adopted, it created considerable confusion. In Brantford, an attempt was made to revert to standard time after July 15, but it was finally agreed to switch back on August 31, a month earlier than originally planned.

The following year, discussion on daylight saving time at the federal level was preempted by the conscription crisis. Sir George Foster, minister of trade and commerce, introduced a bill in June, but it was July before any serious discussion took place. Foster cited surveys in Britain that showed summer time saved energy, increased people's outdoor activities, and decreased juvenile delinquency. He also anticipated farmers' objections by suggesting that flexibility and careful organization would prevent most problems.

Relations between urban and rural residents had been deteriorating for years. Rural groups saw daylight saving as just another example of urbanites' failure to understand country life. Putting the clocks forward in the spring might make the evenings longer, but it also extended the farmer's work day, because Mother Nature kept her own time. Dew stayed on crops and the soil until the sun dried

it, no matter what the clock said. Roosters crowed when the sun told them to, and cows needed to be milked at their accustomed time. When farmers hired help from towns that were running on daylight saving time, disputes erupted about when the work day should start and end.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier suggested that voluntary methods would work better than legislation. A majority of MPs agreed, and the 1917 daylight saving bill was defeated. Undeterred, Foster made another attempt in 1918, presenting his bill for first reading on March 20. Late on the afternoon of March 26, the bill got a second reading, and a lengthy debate ensued. Archibald McCoig, MP for Kent West, presented a letter advising that the Wallaceburg branch of United Farmers of Ontario was opposed. So were other farm groups, but Dr. Robert Manion, the new MP for Fort William–Rainy River, suggested that more daylight was healthier and would make it easier for injured veterans to get around. He also argued that daylight saving time might have a positive influence on Canadians' moral character:

> I know very little of the actions, or of the methods of acting, of the Devil, but some of my friends who claim they do, tell me that he prefers to act in the dark. I believe we may even raise the morals of this country slightly in this matter.

Not everyone saw daylight saving as morally uplifting. On April 2, Daniel McKenzie, MP for Cape Breton North–Victoria, protested that Foster's bill was "seriously encroaching on the Sabbath day. For at least two thousand years the Sabbath day in this country has begun at a certain hour" and it was not up to mere mortals to change that.

What finally tipped the balance in favour of daylight saving were the railways and the United States. Daylight saving time started March 31 in the U.S., and because Canada was still on standard time, some trains had to wait an hour at the border before completing their journey. To synchronize train schedules and minimize safety hazards, Canadian railways endorsed daylight saving. With this in mind, the House of Commons supported Foster's bill and the word went out: at 2 A.M. on the morning of Sunday, April 14, clocks were to move ahead one hour.

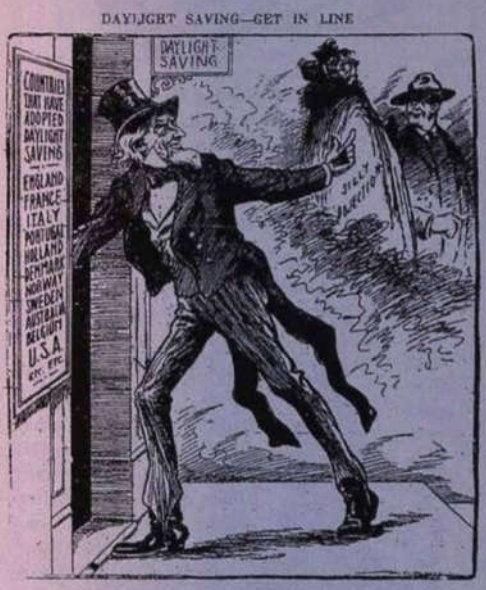
As expected, there were mix-ups. Some people were an hour early for appointments or church services. But most adapted, except the farmers, who by this time were seething at accusations that they were unpatriotic and lazy. In Ontario, daylight saving became one more issue in the campaign that brought the United Farmers of Ontario to power in 1919. The *Weekly Sun*, the official journal of the UFO, was full of complaints about the time change. One letter writer argued that, to get to school on time, young country children who walked long distances were forced to rise at 6 A.M. standard time.

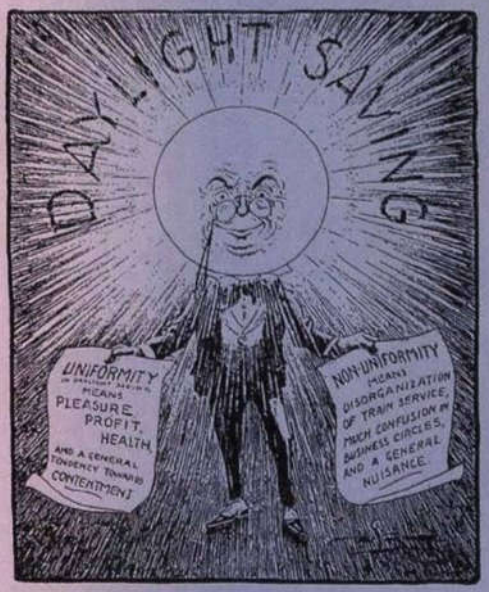
> Children at that age should not be required to get up before seven. To force earlier rising is to endanger a nervous system already under heavy enough strain in the work of the school. In at least one case, a child of seven has been withdrawn from school, the parents very wisely considering that it is better to keep her out until older or until sanity returns to our lawmakers.

Other opponents cited medical experts' claims that an hour's sleep before midnight was worth two after as another way in which daylight saving threatened Canadians' health.

The griping was loud enough to convince legislators that daylight saving could not work in peacetime. When the House of Commons debated the issue again in March 1919, almost everyone had an opinion. John Sexsmith, MP for Peterborough East, hinted at a connection between daylight saving and Bolshevism, and claimed Canadians agitating for the change were "sportsmen, lacrosse and baseball players, and golfers." Dr. John Edwards, MP for Frontenac, Ontario, remarked, "Those who are interested in day-

Early editorial cartoons (here, from 1918 and 1923) presented daylight saving time as the enlightened and intelligent choice. However, even by 1949, when the cartoon on the following page was published in the Toronto *Star*, confusion still reigned.





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light saving—the dry goods clerks and the golf enthusiasts—could get up in the morning and play golf. Then they will appreciate what it means to play golf when the dew is on the ground and at the same time realize the position of the farmer." To which Secretary of State Martin Burrell responded that he had been a farmer, was still a golfer, and supported daylight saving.

As it turned out, the odds were against Burrell. On March 27 the resolution to enact daylight saving was defeated 105 to 50. But federal law was not the only law in the land. Canadian railways still had to consider U.S. schedules, which observed daylight saving. "Even the farmer who complained that last summer he had to milk the cows an hour sooner in order to catch the milk trains may be no better off this summer because Parliament sided with him," noted the *Globe*.

At 2 A.M. on Sunday, March 30, 1919, the railways set their clocks forward. A number of municipalities did the same, including all of British Columbia, where the provincial legislature had enacted daylight saving legislation on March 28. Meanwhile, the federal government offices stuck to standard time. In a tongue-in-cheek front-page story under the subhead "Being Dominion Timepiece It Is Not Able to Keep Time With Rest of Province," the *Vancouver Daily Sun* reported that the post office clock was the only one not moved forward:

> The clock would make it appear that the government is limping along an hour behind the rest of the world, but the fact is that the mails and other government business are keeping pace with the new time.

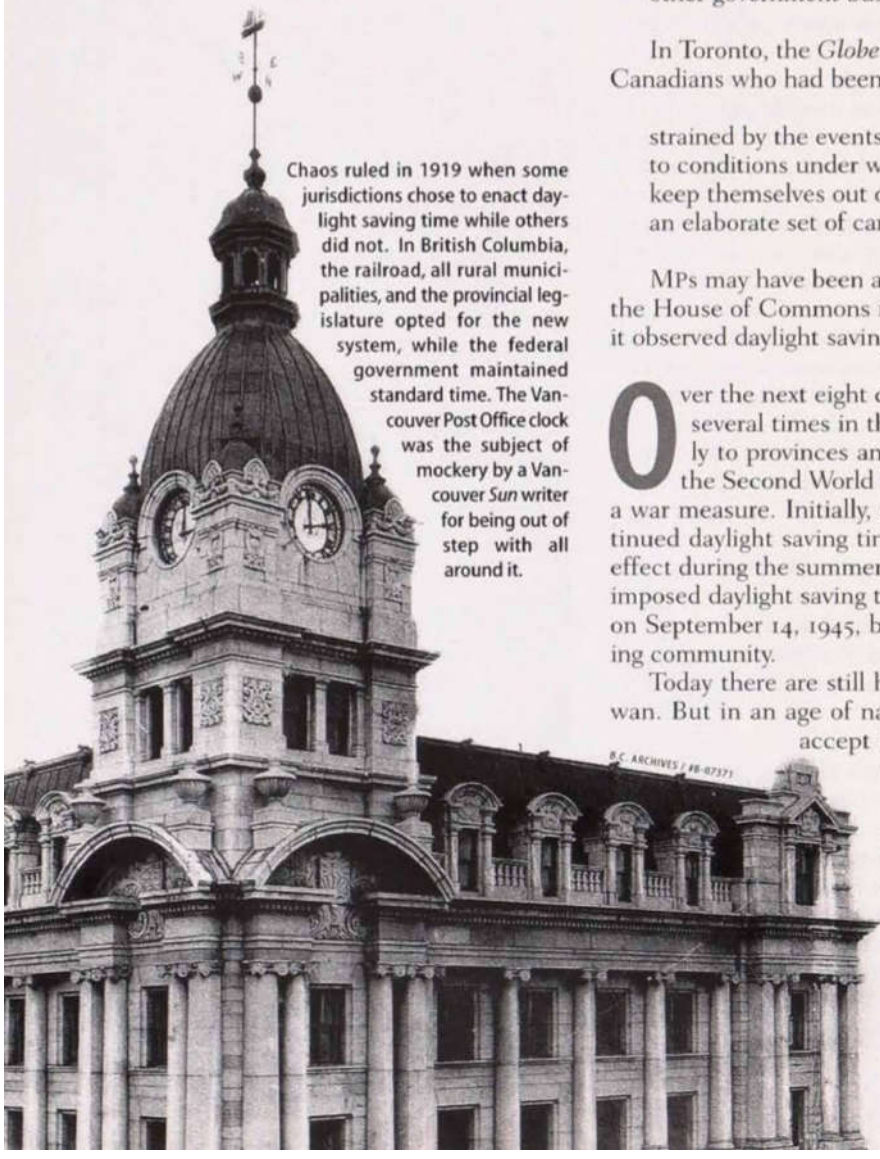
In Toronto, the *Globe* pleaded for a sensible solution, editorializing that Canadians who had been

> strained by the events of the last four years ... should not be subjected to conditions under which they may be compelled to take steps to keep themselves out of the hospitals for the insane only by investing in an elaborate set of cards marking new time, old time and fancy time.

MPs may have been among the ones thinking about those cards. When the House of Commons resumed on April 14, 1919, after a weekend break, it observed daylight saving time, in accordance with the rest of Ottawa.

Over the next eight decades, while daylight saving time was discussed several times in the House of Commons, the matter was left largely to provinces and municipalities. One exception occurred during the Second World War when daylight saving was again brought in as a war measure. Initially, an order-in-council on September 20, 1940, continued daylight saving time in Ontario and Quebec, where it had been in effect during the summer. Then, in January 1942, a further order-in-council imposed daylight saving time on the entire country. The order was revoked on September 14, 1945, but not before more outcries arose from the farming community.

Today there are still holdouts across the country, including Saskatchewan. But in an age of national television and jet travel, most Canadians accept the need for uniform timekeeping and make the change between daylight saving time and standard time without a second thought. ◘



Chaos ruled in 1919 when some jurisdictions chose to enact daylight saving time while others did not. In British Columbia, the railroad, all rural municipalities, and the provincial legislature opted for the new system, while the federal government maintained standard time. The Vancouver Post Office clock was the subject of mockery by a Vancouver *Sun* writer for being out of step with all around it.

Cheryl MacDonald lives in rural Nanticoke, Ontario, and has written numerous articles and books on Canadian history.

For further reading:
***Time Lord: Sir Sanford Fleming and the Creation of Standard Time*, by Clark Blaise, Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2001.**

How Sir Sandford Set the Standard

Until the mid-nineteenth century, most communities set their clocks based on the sun's position at high noon. As a result, time varied from community to community.

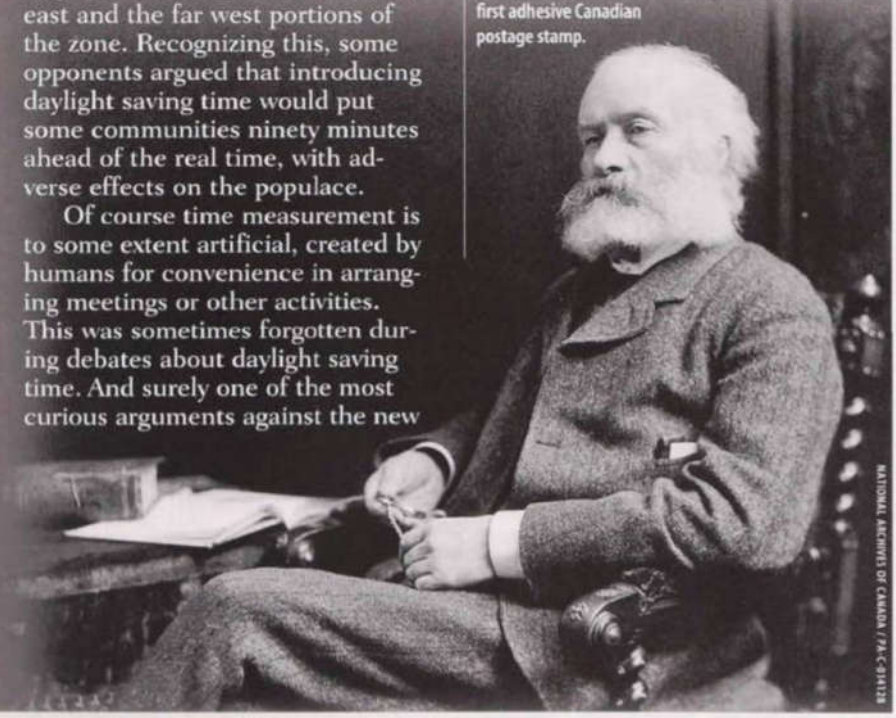
When railroads arrived in Britain, this posed a problem, and starting in 1840 the Great Western Railway adopted London Time (Greenwich Mean Time) as the standard.

Canada's Sandford Fleming, a Scottish-born engineer, started talking about a similar scheme for Canada and the rest of the world in 1879. Four years later, all North American railways adopted standard time. Fleming was also instrumental in organizing an International Prime Meridian conference in Washington in 1884, following which a number of countries adopted international standard time.

For convenience and consistency, the world was divided into twenty-four time zones, each covering 15 degrees. While everyone in a single time zone observes the same "standard" time, the actual or "solar" time may vary considerably between locations in the far east and the far west portions of the zone. Recognizing this, some opponents argued that introducing daylight saving time would put some communities ninety minutes ahead of the real time, with adverse effects on the populace.

Of course time measurement is to some extent artificial, created by humans for convenience in arranging meetings or other activities. This was sometimes forgotten during debates about daylight saving time. And surely one of the most curious arguments against the new system was put forward by Lord Balfour, prime minister of Britain from 1902 to 1905. Balfour gave a hypothetical example of twins, one of whom was born ten minutes before the change from daylight saving time to standard time and the second shortly after. According to Balfour's reasoning, if the first child was born at, say, 1:50 A.M. and the second baby half an hour later—but after the clocks were set back—the time of the second child's birth would be 1:20 A.M., or thirty minutes *earlier* than his older sibling. This, he insisted, could create serious problems for the inheritance of property or titles.

Today we realize that the addition of abbreviations such as EDT or EST would solve the dilemma. But in Balfour's day, tampering with time was looked on very seriously indeed. ◘



He was most notably known as chief engineer for the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as a surveyor, inventor, and adventurer. Through his work, Sir Sandford Fleming realized the railway age required a system of standardized time. His idea of twenty-four uniform time zones, with Greenwich, England designated the prime meridian, was adopted in 1884; international standard time is still followed today. An innovator all his life, the Scottish-born Fleming also designed the first adhesive Canadian postage stamp.

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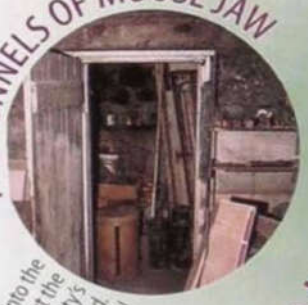

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173 pp., $24.00 hardcover

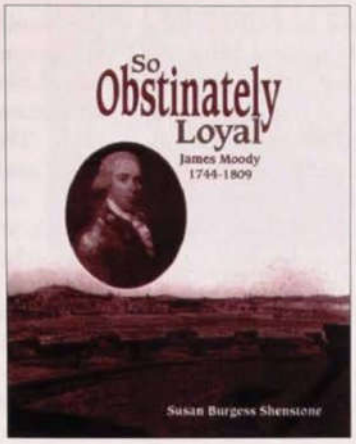
■ **First Nations? Second Thoughts**
By Tom Flanagan
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2000
245 pp., $24.95 paper

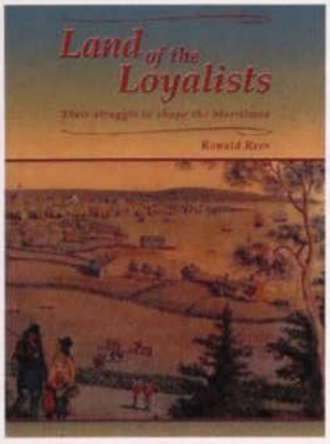
■ **Citizens Plus: Aboriginal Peoples and the Canadian State**
By Alan C. Cairns
UBC Press, Vancouver, 2000
280 pp., $39.95 hardcover

■ **Cowboys, Gentlemen, and Cattle Thieves: Ranching on the Western Frontier**
By Warren M. Elofson
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2000
224 pp., $34.95 hardcover

■ **Citizens and Nation: An Essay on History, Communication, and Canada**
By Gerald Friesen
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2000
352 pp., $22.95 paper

True Blue





Loyalist studies continue to emerge and refine our understanding of how these exiles shaped the social structure of Canada. Susan Shenstone's ***So Obstinately Loyal*** describes the perilous work of Loyalist officer James Moody, which eventually translated into his strong leadership of a remote Nova Scotia community. Moody enlisted with the British to recruit new soldiers for the New Jersey Volunteers. He was soon promoted to more dangerous missions—spying, conducting surprise raids, and seizing the mails to get George Washington's dispatches. Washington and others considered Moody a thorough nuisance, and they succeeded once in imprisoning him in a foul dungeon. After Yorktown, Moody fled to England to get compensation for his property and heroic work. Realizing that no written records of his exploits existed, he wrote the famous account, *Narrative of His Exertions and Suffering in the Cause of Government since the Year 1776*, first published in London in 1782. Both the British government and the public were stirred by Moody's dramatic tale, even though the Loyalists were notorious for exaggerating their wartime roles. Moody set off for Nova Scotia with a handsome settlement from government and the gift of £5,000 from an anonymous admirer.

Moody was a real community builder in the seaside village of Weymouth (formerly Sissiboo). He built a shipyard, donated land for an Anglican Church, served two terms in the assembly, and cultivated the grand people at Halifax to help his community. Although a slaveholder, Moody took an interest in helping the Micmac people and worked hard to get clear land titles for the nearby Acadians. Unfortunately there are few personal records from Moody, so Shenstone has to use peripheral evidence and can tell us little about his family life or personality. The result is a dense read. Clearly Moody embodied outstanding leadership qualities and a strong sense of duty, one of the best of the Loyalist leaders.

Ronald Rees takes a panoramic look at the Loyalist Maritimes. His ***Land of the Loyalists*** is the best popular history of the Loyalists I have read. Rees looks at all three provinces through specific categories, enriching his text with abundant photographs. He first examines land, from the initial surveys to the settlement of the Loyalists on their land according to rank. The dense forests of the Maritimes were totally unfamiliar to the Loyalists and their attempt to grow crops proved unsuccessful, due to the thin soil and the lack of labourers. Only those wise enough to get land in the river valleys prospered. Black Loyalists had the worst time, due to the small, barren plots they were given. The desperate blacks either left the Maritimes for Sierra Leone or lapsed back into semi-slavery.

The second category Rees examines is the building of towns. The Loyalists had a firm mental picture of a well-ordered town, but their plans were disrupted by the sheer numbers of Loyalist refugees. Rees estimates that 5,000 Loyalists spent their first winter in tents, which caused much friction and complaints about the authorities. Only gradually could streets and town squares be put in place. Many handsome houses were built and filled with as much English furniture as the owner could afford. They were often the scene of parties and dancing. Yet these pleasures could not overcome the economic hardships that plagued many, and an exodus to Upper Canada or the United States began, which thwarted Loyalist hopes for their new communities. In his final category on public buildings, Rees notes the heavy influence of Georgian architecture, which was out of date in England but preserved lovingly by the Loyalists. He also describes the rigid policies of the Anglican Church, reserving to themselves government subsidies, the right to teach or attend the two provincial colleges, and even the right to marry and bury. Afraid of the itinerant "fanaticks," Bishop Charles Inglis sowed ill will for a century or more. Rees ends his elegant book with praise, but leaves us wondering whether exiles, with their bitterness and longing for former homes, make good trailblazers.

Reviewed by **Ann Gorman Condon**, a retired professor of history at the University of New Brunswick at Saint John's.

Thread of History

Borne aloft by technology, I am rising over the suburbs of Winnipeg on a flight to the industrial heartland of Michigan, to inspect a set of steel moulds. Reading Witold Rybczynski's slim but entertaining volume ***One Good Turn: A Natural History of the Screwdriver and the Screw***, I am stopped cold on page 89 by the revelation that "Just as the world is divided into those who wrap and those who button up, or those who eat with their fingers and those who eat with utensils, it is divided into craftsmen who work kneeling, squatting, or sitting on the ground, and those who work erect (or sitting) at a bench." The implication is clear: the evolution of technology is rooted in cultural structures that eschew the apparent chaos of the natural world in favor of the built environment, in which invention has been elevated to a religion. Of course, I shouldn't be surprised, Mr. Rybczynski is an architect. In Canada, the land that prides itself on tolerance within a polychromatic society, his gutsy statement puts him in a rare class—the unapologetic social Darwinist. And here I thought this was a book about the evolution of technol-

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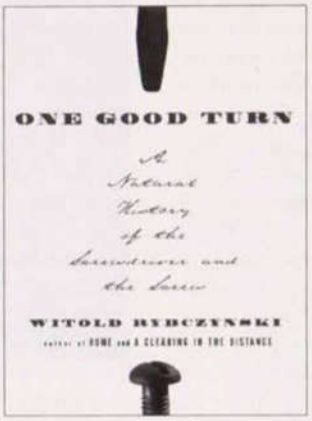
ogy! *One Good Turn* is a compelling expedition through ancient libraries, obscure do-it-yourself manuals of the fifteenth century, and the etchings of Dürer. The author-turned-sleuth unravels a thread that starts with his wife Shirley's observation that there's always a screwdriver in the kitchen drawer and ends with Archimedes' death on a beach in Sicily. Rybczynski's well-annotated book is a layered work, packed with irony, social commentary, the thrill of discovery, arcane illustrations, and, above all, great stories that perhaps bear more detailed scrutiny than the book's 173 pages afford.

The trials of Peter Robertson, the Canadian inventor of the screw that bears his name, contrast the doctrines of American "exceptionism" and Canadian vestigial imperialism, which may provide a more stable society, but is often less successful when applied to the business of invention. Robertson failed to penetrate the U.S. market due to the inventor's dreams of empire, albeit built on screws. He wanted all of the manufacturing and distribution pie – not a wise choice for a man of limited means. His undeclared competitor, Phillips, licensed his inferior invention to as many screw manufacturers as possible, taking a smaller share of a much larger pie, shutting Robertson out of the most lucrative market in history, and dooming me to rooting around St. Louis for a #2 screwdriver with which to open a crate shipped from Canada.



Rybczynski shuttles back and forth across time, following a human chain of invention that links, among others, Archimedes, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, Job and William Wyatt, and finally, the man who perfected the machine screw, Henry Maudslay. The author observes that: "The ideal of precision was perhaps Maudslay's greatest invention." Maudslay and his kind were an invention of the eighteenth century, in which reason and human ideals would create the Industrial Age and ultimately extend the reach of Archimedes into the twenty-first century. The moulds I am inspecting have been machined out of two five-ton blocks of steel, to an accuracy of five-thousandths of an inch. The computer-driven cutting tools are not guided by any human hand, and yet they depend on the accuracy of precision screws whose antecedents were methodically hand-cut by Maudslay and his disciples, each giving birth to the next – more accurate – screw, leading to the ultimate expression of precision: nanotechnology. Thus humankind has risen above the dirt, the bench, and the planet, simultaneously delving into the mysteries of DNA – the most inscrutable of helixes – and the dance of the celestial spheres. Were the ancients, unfettered by the inevitable isolation that technology brings, intuitively aware of the helical structures of the universe? We will never know, but Mr. Rybczynski's book provides a fascinating glimpse into the nature of invention that should not be missed.

Reviewed by **W. H. Stanton**, an industrial designer living in Winnipeg, whose professional interest is in putting a human face on technology.

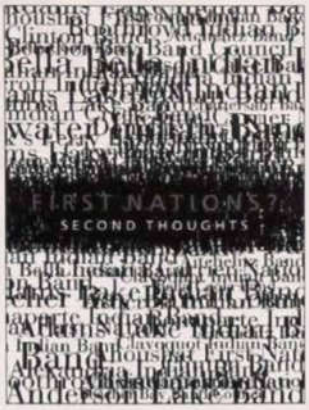
Native Crossroads

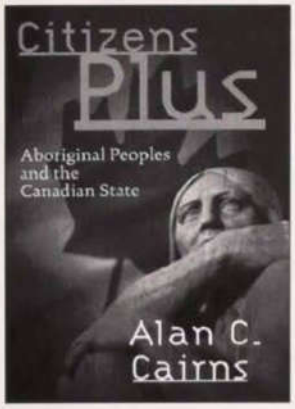
No reader will come away from Tom Flanagan's provocative ***First Nations? Second Thoughts*** without some opinions about aboriginal peoples, their rights, their aspirations, and their ideology. Questions of sovereignty, nationhood, self-government, property, treaties, and economic survival are dealt with critically, though notably absent from the major topics are social and cultural aspects of native thought and community life. Very early in this judgmental examination, Flanagan's right-wing political and economic views on such issues as free market capitalism and welfare reform, as practised by premiers Klein and Harris, surface. We are not surprised to learn, therefore, that he

is opposed to programs of regional economic development. Or that he accepts the Sowell thesis (that Americans espouse concerning preferential policies), which opposes multiculturalism, bilingualism, and group rights. His assessment of the "aboriginal question" is therefore predictable.

That is not to say there are no redeeming qualities to this richly documented treatise. The assessment of the Delgamuukw case, for example, is most instructive. Flanagan's reservations about the Royal Commission on Aboriginal People's economic recommendations are well founded: while they would profit a native entrepreneurial elite (crony capitalists), professional workers, and some skilled workers, the ordinary aboriginal peoples would probably experience increased unemployment, welfare dependency, poverty, and illness. He presents an original organigram of aboriginal orthodoxy—an octagon with fourteen interconnected ideas that comprise native ideology (pp. 192–4). He cautions, however, that this ideology is racist, holds non-natives responsible for both their misfortunes and improvement, and encourages aboriginal people to withdraw within themselves. He offers no quick or complete solutions to the many problems identified, but he does suggest more accountability and the breakup of the concentrated power of present band councils into several elected bodies responsible for schools, housing, business ventures, and so on.

While the bibliography is excellent for political studies, relevant historical studies are almost totally absent. The gap is probably explained by the many early court decisions devoid of historical context and native perspective. Even from a political science perspective, the author appears unable or unwilling to separate sovereignty from nationalism or self-rule. An understanding of Canada's first native-European contacts in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries that led to the Royal Proclamation of 1763 might have yielded a very different appreciation. In chapter 7, we encounter a strange view of aboriginal "property," based on the assumption that private ownership promotes liberty (a view suggested by historian Richard Pipes). Flanagan also assumes that the Europeans seized territory upon first contact, for he writes that the French "took whatever they needed for military forts, trading posts, villages, and farms," then adds that they "paid no compensation to the prior inhabitants for the taking of their property rights" (pp. 25, 119). While he is correct in observing that the French never negotiated land surrenders, the reason for this is not at all what he contends. They always negotiated the placement of their forts and mission stations on what they recognized formally as native lands, and never displaced a single native person in almost two centuries to make way for their own settlement. Even a cursory reading of early Canadian history would clarify the situation and perhaps explain much of aboriginal belief concerning the origins, policies, and understanding of European intrusion.





Alan Cairns takes a different approach in ***Citizens Plus*** by proposing an emphasis on what all Canadians have in common. At the same time, he acknowledges the moral obligations different communities have to each other. In his search for a sensible understanding of the ideological and political situation in Canada he looks to the international environment. Cairns sees problems with the weakness of aboriginal political organizations, as well as with cultural constraints native people experience in the mainstream population. But he examines viable ways to accommodate differences and engage in common enterprises.

Despite the absence of major historical works in the bibliography, the author manages to preserve a balanced historical perspective. In tracing the move away from assimilationist policy to one of accommodation, he concedes that, still, aboriginal society (like Canadian society) is pluralistic, penetrated, and partial in the larger world.

Cairns clearly explores the change from assimilationist policies to the emergence of a parallel society. He argues convincingly that the present barrier to integration into the Canadian constitutional order and interdependent cosmopolitan society is a lack of vocabulary and positive models for aboriginal self-government.

Although these two studies examine many of the same documents and events, and share a number of concerns, they are very different approaches to aboriginal peoples in the present day. Flanagan leaves the reader with a sense that we are moving inexorably in the wrong direction and the future can

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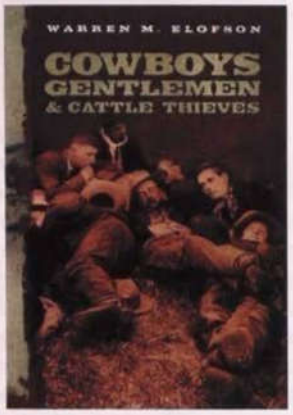
only bring more serious crises. Cairns, on the other hand, points to a concept that could reach accommodations satisfactory to all parties concerned. Both agree that we are now at important crossroads in our history.

Reviewed by **Cornelius J. Jaenen**, professor emeritus of history, University of Ottawa, honorary secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, and a pioneer thesis director in the area of aboriginal history.

Rawhide



Cowboy culture has a lot of myths and stereotypes associated with it. Just take a look at popular culture—there are innumerable movies, comic books, and historical novels that portray cowboys as romantic figures, always willing to save a damsel in distress. They were the ones who maintained law and order on the ranges, and otherwise lived a laid-back existence riding horses, mending fences, and gathering cattle.

This interpretation is wrong, according to Warren M. Elofson. His book ***Cowboys, Gentlemen, and Cattle Thieves*** presents the developing Canadian West in a way that may leave many cowboy fans feeling surprised and possibly disillusioned.

Elofson, a professor of history at the University of Calgary, is himself a farmer and rancher, so the subject hits close to home. Whether or not he himself was surprised by his findings, he presents an engaging and descriptive explanation of what cowboy life was really like.

He elaborates on how ranching was indeed a physically and mentally taxing endeavor. The most difficult parts of the book to read are Elofson's graphic descriptions in the chapter "Nature's Fury" of the cowboys' struggle to keep their animals alive—a struggle not always successful. Fires, storms, wolves, rustlers, and disease all took their toll on the herds, leading to financial hardship as well as the emotional heartbreak of watching one's herd dwindle in numbers. The cowboys also had their own health to deal with, being out in the open every day and constantly on the move.

The role of women on the ranches is also discussed—but these ladies certainly were no damsels in distress. Many of the ranchers were single and frequented the taverns and bars looking for a good time, of which plenty abounded. However, women ranchers were few. Other than prostitutes, most of the women on the plains were cowboy's wives, who lived lifestyles typical of family women on the Western prairies.

Elofson also destroys another myth prevalent in Canadian histories: that Canadian cowboy culture was different than its American counterpart, which was considered much more violent, with fewer law-abiding cowboys, all of whom were ready to whip out their guns. As Elofson illustrates, this is simply not true. The Canadian frontier reflected many of the same problems as the American. (The notorious Sundance Kid even headed north at one point.) In the section "Two-Legged Predators," Elofson shows how prevalent violence was on the Canadian frontier by discussing cattle thieving, a common occurrence. Dealings with rustlers often turned into deadly confrontations. The land was spacious and sparsely occupied, which hindered the RCMP's effectiveness.

Cowboys, Gentlemen, and Cattle Thieves is more than just a myth-shattering exposé of Canadian cowboy life. Elofson also describes the major agricultural advancements initiated by ranchers. In "The Evolution of Technique," he gives evidence that the family ranches and farms that led the development of rural Western Canada began with haying and harvesting—now considered mundane aspects of ranching.

The book is well illustrated with black and white photographs, which complement Elofson's eloquent text. As a counterpoint to history textbooks and to movies that overly romanticize the Western Canadian plains, *Cow-*

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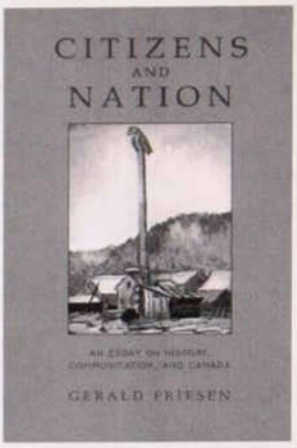
boys, Gentlemen, and Cattle Thieves is both realistic and enlightening.

Reviewed by **Paula E. Kirman**, an Edmonton freelance writer with an interest in Western Canadian history and cowboy culture.

Hail the Hoi Polloi

Citizens and Nation is packed full of thought-provoking ideas (including sixty pages of detailed notes) about the ways that time and space are perceived by individuals and groups as ordinary life is lived. Using stories of a few so-called common people, Friesen does a first-class job of making the reader think about the grand questions of citizenship, identity, and the state as well as the nature of the continuing debates about Canadian institutions, land settlement, the links between place and culture, and the search for a distinct history. Four well-defined epochs provide the book's framework, each characterized by a particular mode of communication.

The first focuses on the oral tradition of aboriginal peoples. Friesen uses Graydon McCrea's 1983 documentary film *Summer of the Loucheux*, a portrait of a Dene family at its camps on the Mackenzie and Tree rivers in the subarctic, to tease out the significant elements of an oral culture and aboriginal interpretations of time and space. Aboriginal people, relying exclusively on oral traditions and land-based metaphors, became extremely vulnerable as new modes of communication confronted tradition. The arrival of print and literacy in the seventeenth century had a devastating effect. Missionaries, for instance, used print's authority to assert the supremacy of their own deity over that of native people.



Trader-settler society is the theme of the second epoch, which was dominated by print and its capacity to link ideas, contacts, and control over long distances. Friesen uses the diary of Elizabeth Goudie, a twentieth-century individual living in Labrador, to interpret and explain cultural contact and continuity. He claims that "Elizabeth Goudie belonged to the land more than the land ever did to her," and as literacy and print, together with records and property rights, began to be part of everyday existence, the balance between individuals, groups, and the land shifted.

The dramatic changes of the third epoch in communications of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are well illustrated through a careful interpretation of the story of Phyllis Knight, who emigrated from Germany in the late 1920s. (Her son Rolf edited her extensive taped recordings into a book in the 1970s.) Using the themes of property, wages, and commodification, Friesen examines the new modes of communication that appeared on the Canadian scene – telegraph, railway, newspapers, telephone, photography, sound recordings, radio and film – and offers the proposition that "the nation of Canada owes its birth to paper and telegraph wire." The meaning of nation and state are inextricably bound up in this epoch of what Friesen calls "print-capitalist" societies and early twentieth-century debates on socialism and capitalism.

The fourth and current communications-defined epoch is defined by the term "screen-capitalism" – a phrase that unites economics and communications as the "compression of space" and the "monetization of time" dominate, and as tensions arise with the unprecedented juxtaposition of insecurity and plenty. The lives of two pseudonymous suburbanites, Roseanne and Frank, are examined, and the 1981 autobiography of Simone Monet-Chartrand, *Ma vie comme rivière*, which opens on October 16, 1970 (the day the War Measure Act was proclaimed), provides the raw material for a view of the distinctiveness of Quebec society.

Today computers link strangers, information abounds, citizens, corporations, and markets challenge governments, and we are left to wonder how the ordinary person can influence the functioning of the state. Let us thank Friesen for reminding us that "a crucial strength of Canada lies in its common people." Are we ready and willing to accept this view?

Reviewed **Bryan H.Massam**, who teaches in the department of geography and division of social science at York University, Toronto.

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Booknotes

Only after viewing the first six episodes of the extraordinarily ambitious CBC television series, *Canada: A People's History*, did I read the book. Sans music and action, sans impersonations and reenactments, the impact is not same. But in some ways, it's better. With the book, the pace is determined by the reader, not the producer. There is no need to push on to the next episode. One can pause to consider a passage of clearly written text or study a splendidly reproduced image before turning the page. The book thus allows, indeed encourages, reflection. It is lovely to look at, but it is no casual coffee-table volume – there is too much meat. Buy it and treasure it. Read it and ponder it. Much of our nation's history is missing, of course. Nonetheless, it is a book to be cherished for what it contains. Some of its interpretations may be highly debatable, but they are well worth arguing about. I found its slight tilt, in perspective and coverage, towards French Canada a welcome contrast to most Canadian history written in English.

But I'm not sure it's a "people's" history. For example, the chapter "Rebellion and Reform" (the period I personally know best) is dominated by a few famous persons – Papineau, Mackenzie, Howe, Baldwin, La Fontaine. Where are the people? The *main* history of that period, in Upper Canada at least, is wave after wave of people, ordinary people uprooting, travelling, arriving, locating, clearing, planting, building – that is, settling. Most can have had little time (and less energy) for rebellion or reform. (Similarly, most Upper Canadians avoided taking part in the War of 1812.) For those rural folk who did rebel (and rural most rebels were), their grievances – those that prompted them to risk their lives – were not political abstractions but economic injustices. They were matters that touched their daily lives: land, crops, supplies, prices, roads, bridges, schools, taxes ... Yes, the book (and the series) touches upon such issues, but only just barely.

Another single-volume survey, *A Brief History of Canada*, is just that – a brief history. If you want a portable summary, the essentials are all here (well, most of them – the author somehow manages to review the Upper Canada Rebellion without mentioning Sir Francis Bond Head, but no matter). But the book lacks spirit. Its style (and the typeset of most pages) is almost dense. Far, far better is the latest revision of *The Illustrated History of Canada*. Six specialists who write well (including the *Beaver*'s own Christopher Moore) each relate the history of one period. And the illustrations (despite the poor reproduction of many of them) are quite wonderful.

Since history cannot be written objectively, my taste tends towards those who openly present their personal judgments. With this in mind, I went back to three concise surveys written a generation ago, histories of our country by Kenneth McNaught, by Desmond Morton, and by J.M.S. Careless. All were worth reading again, I found – and they're all still in print (a fourth edition of Morton's *A Short History of Canada* has been issued this month). Also, I discovered Careless's *Canada: A Celebration of Our Heritage* – history via the web. To date, only the first half (to Confederation) is available, but readers with internet access should look for it at <www.canadianheritage.ca>.

Despite our vaunted principles of "peace, order and good government," throughout our history Canadians seem to have been caught up in one war or another. Particular battles fought in the course of two centuries are the subject of *Fighting for Canada*. Like *The Illustrated History of Canada*, six historians collaborated to create the book, each chapter comprising the work of one of them. From Ticonderoga in 1758 to Kapelsche Veer in the Netherlands in World War II, the grim details of seven bloody encounters are presented. A veteran soldier of one of them is quoted, complaining, "The problems with all you historians is that you impose order on perfectly chaotic situations." The book does succeed in making every battle (if not every war) comprehensible. A few of our most famous battles – the Plains of Abraham or Vimy Ridge – are not here, but so much has been written about them already. If you want the details of well-known, but not before well-analyzed, encounters, read this book,

After reading of blood and bombs, it is almost refreshing to consider war through the eyes of artists instead of authors. *Canvas of War* does so by presenting more than a hundred of the thousands of paintings in the Canadian War Museum collection. Some are sad, some are heroic, some are propagandistic, some are even comic – many are strikingly beautiful. But nearly all are disturbing. And lest we think no words are needed, Fred Varley wrote of one his works, depicting the devastation of France in 1918: "To see the land half-cultivated and people coming back to where their homes were was too much for me to make up. ... I'm going to paint a picture of it, but heavens, it can't say a thousandth part of the story. We'd be healthier to forget, & that we never can. We are forever tainted with its abortiveness & its cruel drama." He titled his picture *For What?*

Books Cited

- *Canada: A People's History, Vol. 1*
  By Don Gillmor & Pierre Turgeon. McClelland & Stewart, 2000. $60.00 hardcover.
- *A Brief History of Canada*
  By Roger Riendeau. Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 2000. $45.00 hardcover; $23.95 paper.
- *The Illustrated History of Canada*, rev. ed. Edited by Craig Brown. Key Porter Books, 2000. $24.95 paper.
- *The Penguin History of Canada*, updated and enlarged edition.
  By Kenneth McNaught. Penguin Books, 1988. $19.99 paper.
- *A Short History of Canada*, 3d rev. ed.
  By Desmond Morton. McClelland & Stewart, 1997. $19.99 paper.
- *Canada: A Story of Challenge*
  By J.M.S. Careless. General Publishing (Macmillan Paperback), 1970. $7.95 paper.
- *Fighting for Canada: Seven Battles, 1758–1945*
  Edited by Donald E. Graves. Robin Brass Studio, 2000. $25.95 paper.
- *Canvas of War: Painting the Canadian Experience, 1914–1945*
  By Dean F. Oliver and Laura Brandon. Douglas & McIntyre, 2000. $55.00 hardcover.

continues

More Books Worth Noting

- *"And Martha Served": History of the Sisters of St. Martha, Antigonish, Nova Scotia*
  By James Cameron. Nimbus Publishing, 2000. $19.95 paper.
  A congregation of fifteen sisters, founded in 1900, grew and extended its service not only in Nova Scotia, but north to Newfoundland, west to Quebec, and south to Boston and the Caribbean. Today its future is uncertain, but its spirit strong.

- *The Great Years: Gold Mining in the Bridge River Valley*
  By Lewis Green. Tricouni Press, 2000. $22.95 paper.
  The rise and fall of goldmining in an area that, during the Depression years, had a boom time in sharp contrast with the rest of Canada.

- *Inuit Journey: The Co-operative Adventure in Canada's North*
  By Edith Iglauer. Harbour Publishing, 2000. $18.95 paper.
  Articles written for *The New Yorker* nearly forty years ago have a fresh meaning with the formation of Nunavut last year – a new prologue and epilogue add to the interest.

- *Niddrie of the North-West: Memoirs of a Pioneer Canadian Missionary*
  By John W. Niddrie. University of Alberta Press, 2000. $24.95 paper.
  The life story – told in his own words through memoirs and letters – of an ardent and opinionated Scots Presbyterian-turned-Methodist missionary who spent most of his life among Indians in Alberta, the North West Territories, and Manitoba.

- *The Night the Fitz Went Down*
  By Hugh E. Bishop. Lake Superior Port Cities (Box 16417, Duluth MN 55816-0417), 2000. US$14.95 paper.
  Based on the informed opinions of a captain who sailed through the same storm that same night, a fresh examination and detailed explanation of the sudden sinking of the *Edmund Fitzgerald* in Lake Superior a quarter century ago.

- *The Portuguese in Canada*
  Edited by Carlos Teixeira and Victor M.P. Da Rosa. University of Toronto Press, 2000. $65.00 hardcover; $24.95 paper.
  Scholars from a variety of disciplines examine the experiences faced by Portuguese immigrants as they settled in their new country, first in the cod fisheries of Newfoundland, later in urban areas such as Montreal and Toronto.

- *Snowshoe & Lancet: Memoirs of a Frontier Newfoundland Doctor, 1937–1948*
  By Robert Skidmore Ecke. Peter E. Randall Publisher (Distributed by University of British Columbia Press), 2000. $24.95 hardcover.
  A Brooklyn-born young doctor, serving the people of outports in pre– and early–World War II Newfoundland, kept a journal, now published some sixty years later – its humor and humanity are a delight.

- *The Sound of One Voice: Eugene Forsey and His Letters to the Press*
  By J.E. Hodgetts. University of Toronto Press, 2000. $50.00 hardcover; $19.95 paper.
  Even if one leaves political opinions aside, this is a delightful biography, a study of one influential Canadian as revealed through his newspaper epistles.

- *Stardust and Shadows: Canadians in Early Hollywood*
  By Charles Foster. Dundurn Press, 2000. $29.99 hardcover.
  Mary Pickford may have been "America's Sweetheart," but she was a Canadian, as were all sixteen of these early film celebrities whose life stories are sympathetically told by another Canadian, a publicity agent, who knew most of them.

- *Turning Trees into Dollars: The British Columbia Coastal Lumber Industry, 1858–1913*
  By Gordon Hak. University of Toronto Press, 2000. $65.00 hardcover; $22.95 paper.
  A province explored because of fur, founded because of gold, sustained because of fish, came to be dependent on what it had most of – trees.

- *Victory at Falaise: The Soldiers' Story*
  By Brigadier General Denis Whitaker & Shelagh Whitaker. Harper Collins, 2000. $35.00 hardcover.
  Gripping, very personal firsthand accounts of an awful month of fighting in Normandy in World War II. The accompanying essay by Canadian historian Terry Copp ably defends the courage and skill of Allied forces, despite some revisionist attempts to portray them otherwise.

- *The World is Our Witness: The Historic Journey of the Nisga'a into Canada*
  By Tom Molloy. Fifth House Publishers, 2000. $29.95 hardcover.
  A first-person, celebratory account of the process culminating in the historic Nisga'a treaty, written by the chief federal negotiator.

THE Society

Giving the Future a Past

Plans are well underway for this major conference, an initiative by the Association for Canadian Studies (ACS) in conjunction with the Department of Canadian Heritage and Canada's National History Society (CNHS) as principal partners. "Giving the Future a Past: Teaching, Learning and Communicating the History of Canada – Challenges and Solutions" is the full-blown title of the three-day event in Winnipeg, October 19–21, 2001. It will explore the teaching and learning of Canadian history from conventional approaches to innovative methods. Some eight hundred teachers, students, professionals, and others involved or interested in the field of history are expected to attend. Details on the conference can be obtained from the ACS at 209 Ste-Catherine St. E., Suite V-5140, Université du Québec à Montréal, P. O. Box 8888, Downtown Station, Montréal, Québec H3C 3P8. Email: general@acs-aec.ca.

In addition to helping to plan the conference, CNHS has taken on responsibility for the conference dinner, Saturday, October 20, at which time the 2001 Pierre Berton Award will be presented. The award honours a Canadian, either an individual or institution, for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. (For further information on the award, see page 43 or visit our website at **www.historysociety.ca**.) Last year's recipient was Peter C. Newman.

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Exceptionally Deep Pockets

The Society is deeply grateful for the generous support it received last year from members and other donors. In total, contributions rose in 2000 to $890,000 from $710,000 in 1999.

In addition to the faithful support it receives annually from the Hudson's Bay History Foundation (last year's grant totalled $550,000), the Society received

$153,000 from members
$159,000 from corporations
$3,500 from foundations
$5,000 from government sources
$19,000 from directors and staff

Particularly notable among the gifts were two personal contributions of $10,000 and several at the $5,000 level. Molson contributed the largest corporate gift – $50,000 – toward the special February/March 2000 "Our Century" issue of the

Museum Profile

Pointe-à-Callière
Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History, 350 Place Royale (corner of De la Commune), Montreal, QC H2Y 3Y5
For information contact:
Telephone: (514) 872-9150
Website: www.musee-pointe-a-calliere.qc.ca

Pointe-à-Callière, the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History, has been declared a national archaeological and historic site. It stands guard over six centuries of history, from the Amerindian period to the present day. Rising above the very birthplace of Montreal, the museum comprises four main parts: the modern Éperon building, winner of many architectural awards, the underground archaeological crypt, the renovated Ancienne-Douane building (the old Custom House), and the Youville Pumping Station. Its mission is to help visitors to know and appreciate the Montreal of today and yesterday, through its educational activities, conservation programs, and research into Montreal's archaeological and historical heritage.

Every year, Pointe-à-Callière attracts over 200,000 visitors. In 2001, the museum is offering a surprising variety of exhibitions and activities: 1701: The Great Peace of Montreal, an exhibition running from May to October; an international exhibition on the Mochica of Peru, from October 2001 to April 2002; the annual Nighttime Walk through the streets of Old Montreal on May 18; and the Great Peace Camp, in a festive eighteenth-century atmosphere, on August 3, 4, and 5. A visit to the museum begins with the new multimedia show, entitled Montreal, Tales of a City, a feast for the senses in the unique setting of the archaeological remains of the birthplace of Montreal.

Among the other attractions at the museum are the Arrivage café-restaurant, the gift shop (in the Ancienne-Douane building), and the Intergenerational Sundays program, offering grandparents accompanied by their grandchildren free admission on Sunday all year 'round. The museum is open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Tuesday to Friday, and from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Saturday and Sunday. This summer, from June 24 to September 3, it will be open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Monday to Friday, and from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Saturday and Sunday.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

Beaver, which marked Canada's progress in the twentieth century.

A sincere thank you to all those who supported the Society last year. All donors of $50 or more have been recognized in the 2000 Honour Roll, which appears as a supplement to this issue of the *Beaver*.

Magomania.com

Magomania is the catchy title for a new Canadian magazine search engine, an initiative of the Canadian Magazine Publishers Association on behalf of its member magazines. It was launched January 29, 2001. Each member magazine will have its own web page (which can be updated by the magazine as need be) with the capability of selling subscriptions online, or linked to the magazine's e-commerce subscription service.

The *Beaver* is pleased to be part of this new program, which complements its own website at **www.historysociety.ca**.

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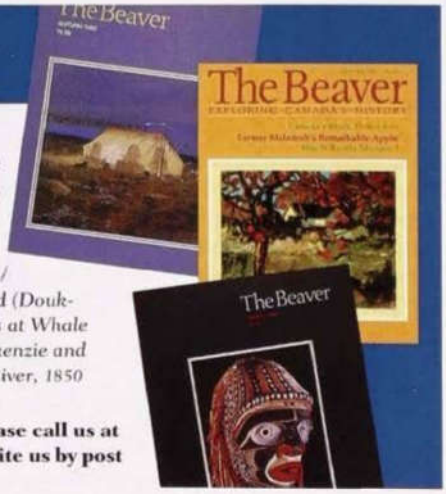

A rich and varied treasury of Canadian history available for $6 a copy, or $10 if a rare issue. (Price includes postage & taxes for North American orders.) **Here is a content sample:**

SUMMER 1984 *Historic peace-pipe of Ojibwa and Iroquois warriors is rediscovered / The Blind Man and the Loon: a powerful epic as depicted by Inuit artists / Sons of God (Doukhobor trek to Yorkton, 1902), by Pierre Berton / Saga of Northern radio / Wall hangings at Whale Cove / Reprieve for the Fur-trade Canoe / Boomtown Norman Wells / Alexander Mackenzie and the Empress of Russia / Yukon wildflowers / Massacre of the Inuit on the Mackenzie River, 1850*

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CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

Mysteries in the Bones

The earliest history of the human species in the Americas is a subject where mysteries abound – but not one where most of us would instantly think of politics, intrigue, and bad faith. But Elaine Dewar is a good hard-digging journalist. Her new book, *Bones: Discovering the First Americans*, plunges into the history of the American continents 12,000, 20,000, even 50,000 years ago. And Dewar's journalistic instinct for seeking out hidden agendas, cover-ups, and dirty dealings gives a sharp and original spin to her exploration of an extraordinary subject.

Elaine Dewar: Her journalistic instinct ... gives a sharp and original spin to her exploration of an extraordinary subject.

These days, the prehistory of the Americas is a subject in chaos. For most of the twentieth century, most scholars agreed that the first of our species to people the Americas could not have arrived much before 12,500 years ago, and that they must have come from Siberia. American archaeologists had an array of evidence to fit that theory. Their finds were mostly a scattering of projectile points, but the points were consistent in style – a type dubbed "Clovis" – and in dating. They were widely enough spread to suggest that a new hunting culture was foraging across North America some 12,500 years ago. Since there was nothing persuasive that was older, the who, the how, and the when of human history in the Americas began with the interpretation Dewar summarizes as "Clovis First / Bering Strait."

Today the who-how-when of Clovis First / Bering Strait has problems in all directions. Who: physical anthropologists report ancient skeletons that don't seem to resemble a people newly arrived from Asia. How: geologists who have mapped the last ice age mostly deny that the famous "ice-free corridor" opened in time for the Clovis hunters to pass through. And when: archaeologists keep announcing sites older and unlike Clovis, some in North America, but even more in places like southern Chile and eastern Brazil. The old confidence that the makers of Clovis tools led our species into the Americas from northeast Asia about 13,000 years ago is collapsing. Last December, when the usually conservative *National Geographic* published a map of the peopling of the Americas, it made space for theories of ancient trans-Pacific and trans-Atlantic migrations that have only the flimsiest traces of plausibility – because the traditional Bering Strait theory no longer seems entirely convincing either.

... as she travelled and saw more ... Her awareness of the political nature of science grew into the firm conviction that research cannot go ahead against the wishes of the peoples under study.

It was the scent of mystery in these anomalies that first attracted Dewar. "I had been interested in archaeology forever," she told me recently. But her journalist's antennae soon detected politics. She became convinced that part of the strength of Clovis First was a subtle denigration of the First Nations of the Americas. "It comes down to politics and power," she says of the way Clovis First proponents reinforced suggestions that native Americans are simply newcomers recently arrived from Asia, really just another bunch of immigrants in our mosaic.

In pursuit of new ideas about the peopling of the Americas, Dewar visited far-flung fieldworkers in steamy

CLOVIS SPEAR POINT ILLUSTRATION: MELANIE FROESE, COURTESY OF HEARTLAND ASSOCIATES

Brazilian tropics, in northern Alberta muskeg, and in the sagebrush desert of New Mexico. In museums, research labs, conference halls, and "scruffy academic hells" on both continents, she learned a bit of everything: carbon dating, the flow of glaciers, paleoparasitology, mitochondrial DNA, forensic anthropology, even ancient weaving styles.

The researchers were struggling with big ideas that excited Dewar's imagination. Why are so many South American sites so old? Could ancient migrants possibly have crossed the Pacific directly? If they could have crossed the Pacific, why not the Atlantic, from Africa or Europe? Could it have happened 20,000 years ago? Or 50,000 years ago? She was sure they were on to something. But everywhere she found the scholars locked in poisonous feuds, denouncing each other's methods and characters, attacking their sources of funding, questioning their access to publication, threatening their jobs. "I left behind the awe I once felt for the authority of scientists," she writes.

Dewar had begun her quest with the idea that answers must lie in bones. If the oldest skeletal remains from around the Americas were dated and categorized by the most advanced scientific tools, should answers not begin to emerge?

This question led Dewar far into the politics of prehistory. For bones are never just data. They are people's bones and people's ancestors' bones. People don't want their ancestors' bones dug up, measured, and CAT-scanned. Or, just as often, dug up and left heaped and unattended in the basements of research institutes. Today, for every scientist eager to measure an ancient skull or test for mitochondrial DNA, a First Nations organization stands ready to protest the plundering of native graves and the profaning of family remains. Tribal councils and their lawyers invoke – or demand – new laws that insist native burials be left undisturbed or bones returned to the earth. This deeply political conflict became the moral heart of Dewar's book.

Knowledge "dragged unsanctioned from the bones of the dead" troubled her – but she valued the information that might be carried there. "Love of learning is not altruistic," she writes, and studies of ancient bones seemed to promise the answers she longed for, the resolution of a great mystery of human history.

But Dewar came to a more nuanced understanding as she travelled and saw more of the appalling record of neglect, disdain, and sloppy science suffered by native remains in our museums and research labs. Her awareness of the political nature of science grew into the firm conviction that research cannot go ahead against the wishes of the peoples under study. "It's vile, it's wrong, it's unethical, it's unacceptable," she now says of unauthorized studies of human remains.

There is, in the end, no clean answer to the mystery that launched Dewar into this book. For all the new sites, new searches, and new techniques, nothing resembling a coherent credible explanation of the peopling of the Americas now exists. *Bones* lays out the problems with Clovis First, but there is no alternate synthesis to present. The mystery endures.

There is, however, one point to which very little mystery need be attached. For Canada, at least, the hardest of hard science continues to confirm the most traditional native knowledge. Native Canadians have always seen their presence here to be as old as creation, as old as the land and the animals. What emerges clearly from all the new research into ice-age Canada is that in northern North America, the land was created as the ice departed.

Only then did the hills and valleys take their form, rivers begin to flow, plants take root, fish and game establish their habitats. And everywhere that archaeologists look, people were present, right at the ice edge as the glaciers retreated. Clovis or not, and however they came to be present, native Canadians have indeed been here as long as the rivers and the trees and the fish and the game. ◘

Elaine Dewar's *Bones: Discovering the First Americans* is published by Random House Canada.

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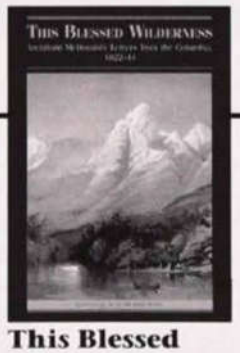
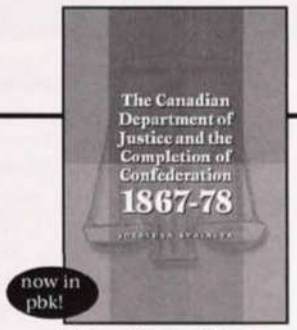


This Blessed Wilderness
Archibald McDonald's Letters from the Columbia, 1822-44
Jean Murray Cole, ed.



The Canadian Department of Justice and the Completion of Confederation, 1867-78
Jonathan Swainger

Telling Tales
Essays in Western Women's History
Catherine A. Cavanaugh and Randi R. Warne, eds.

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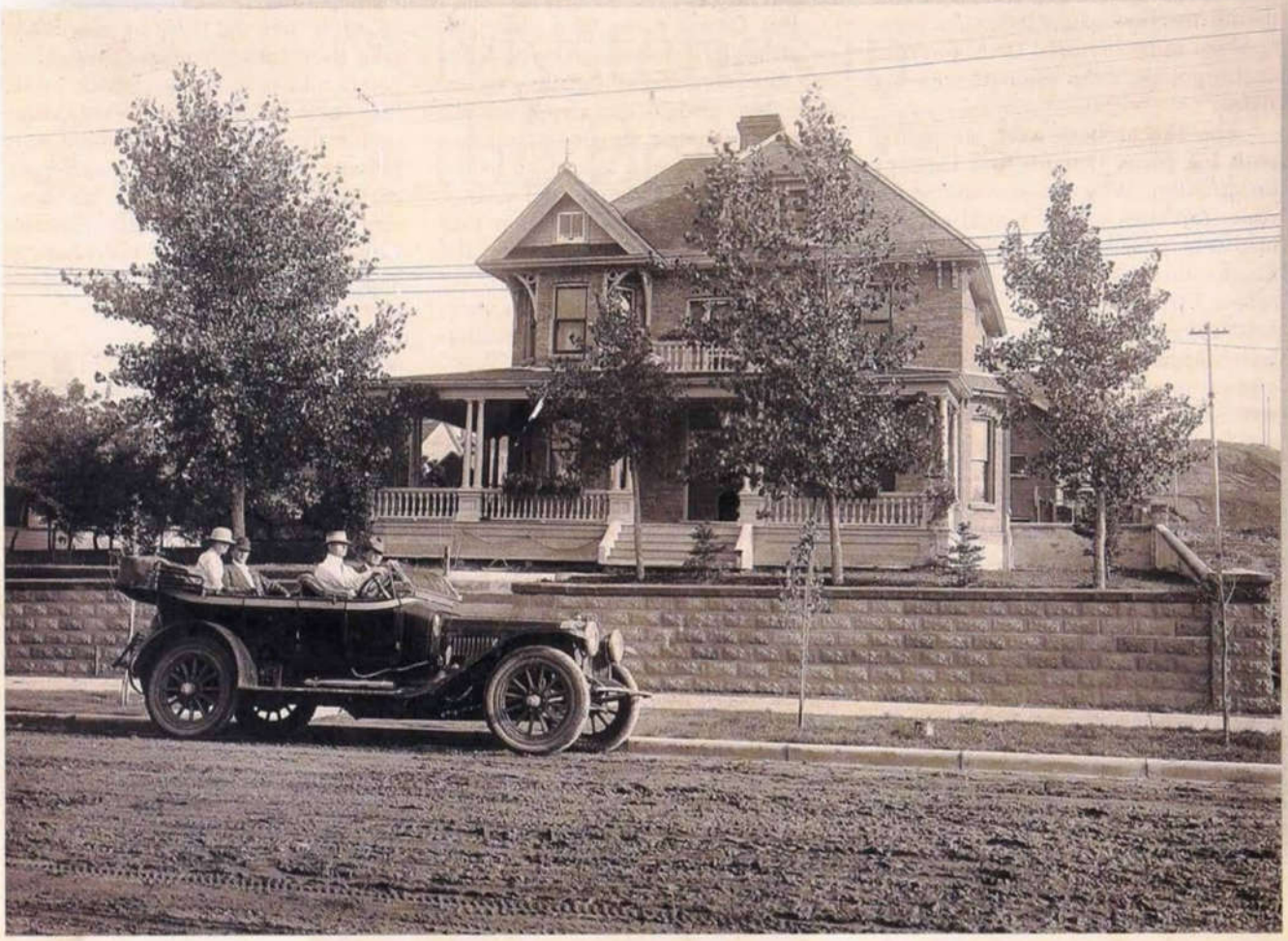
Album

Lyle W. Fraser, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the son-in-law of the late Charles Penland. He lives in Maple Ridge, B.C.



Sunday Drive The evidence suggests times were good for William Penland in the years before the First World War. He was driving a Winton Six, which was an expensive automobile for the day. And he lived in a substantial home built in the popular Queen Anne Revival style in the town of Medicine Hat, Alberta, where he owned a hotel (the first in the town, it is said). When his brother Charles arrived for a visit with his wife Augusta from Nelson, B.C., in 1912, he took them for a spin, joined in the front seat by brother David. The photo commemorates the visit, but it also seems to display a certain pleasure in achievement and prosperity. (Medicine Hat had boomed in the first decade of the twentieth century.) Perhaps it hadn't always been so. The Penland brothers were originally from Canton, North Carolina, but – so family lore has it – drove horses from the United States to Alberta for the military in the last great roundups at the turn of the twentieth century. Charles Penland homesteaded for a while near Alix, Alberta, then headed west to B.C. in 1905 where he spent the rest of his days. The fates of William and David Penland remain unknown. ◘

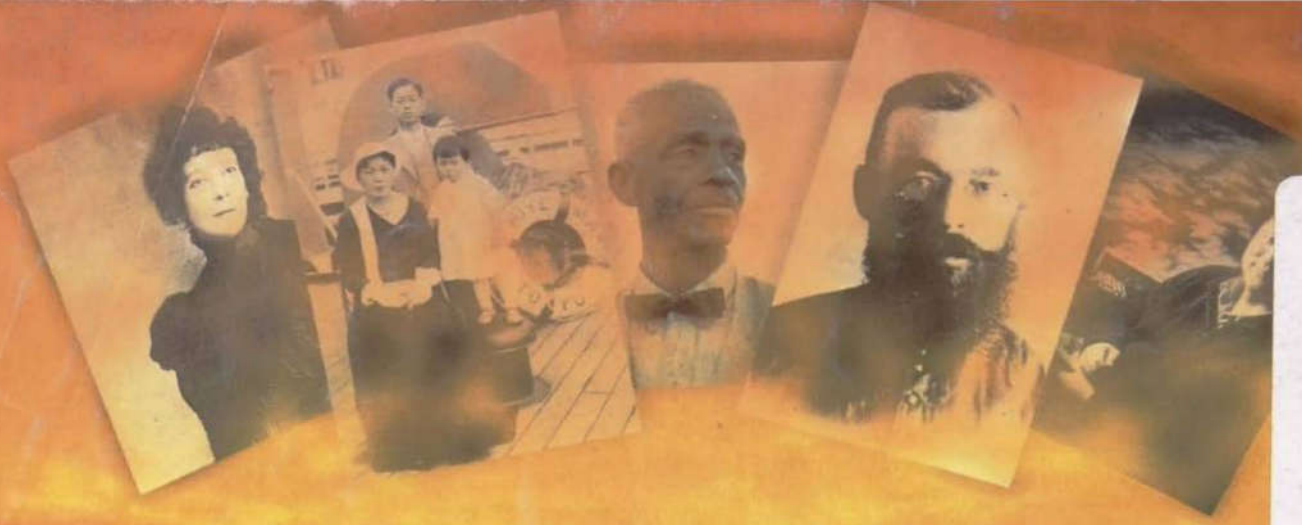
Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478 – 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

EFFECTIVE APRIL/MAY 2001

EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES					SERIES ANTHOLOGY	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN
7:30 AM							ORIGINS
8:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN	SERIES ANTHOLOGY
8:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE					ORIGINS	
9:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					CANADIAN HISTORY	THE 20TH CENTURY
9:30 AM	HISTORY BITES						
10:00 AM	A SCATTERING OF SEEDS						
10:30 AM	HISTORYLANDS						
11:00 AM	THE UNTOUCHABLES					ANCIENT HISTORY	HISTORY OF WAR
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOCUMENTARY (NON-WAR)	DOCUMENTARY (WAR)
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM	HISTORY BITES						
4:00 PM	DESTINATION: HISTORY						
4:30 PM							
5:00 PM	COMBAT					PIECE OF CAKE	DOCUMENTARY (WAR)
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	WAR STRIP					WITNESS TO YESTERDAY	GREATEST JOURNEYS ON EARTH
6:30 PM	ARCHAEOLOGY					ROYAL SECRETS	
7:00 PM	HISTORY BITES					GREATEST JOURNEYS ON EARTH	THE BEST OF CANADIAN HISTORY
7:30 PM	CROWN & COUNTRY						
8:00 PM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES					A SCATTERING OF SEEDS	THE BEST OF THE NEW
8:30 PM						HISTORYLANDS	
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT					CROWN AND COUNTRY	GREATEST JOURNEYS ON EARTH
3:30 AM						CROWN AND COUNTRY	
4:00 AM	WAR STRIP					WESTERN MOVIE	THE BEST OF THE NEW
4:30 AM	ARCHAEOLOGY						
5:00 AM	COMBAT						THE BEST OF CANADIAN HISTORY
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

**Program changes may occur after May 6th.*



a scattering of seeds

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